

THE DELLES OF WISCONSIN, Illustrated.  
A SWAMP ADVENTURE, Illustrated.

Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 3.

# The MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED



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# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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# WHAT GENERAL MERRITT,

Military Governor of the Philippine Islands, thinks of

## The Midland Life of Grant.

Editor Midland Monthly Magazine:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your communication of March 16, but have been too much occupied to attend to it sooner.

I am satisfied that Mr. Emerson's work will be an important contribution to the history connected with General Grant. The testimony of Colonel Grant to the value of Mr. Emerson's work is of great importance.

Very truly yours,

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., April 5, 1898.

W. MERRITT,  
Major-General United States Army.

# WHAT COLONEL CONN,

An ex-Confederate soldier, and present owner of Grant's old home, thinks of

## The Midland Life of Grant.

Editor Midland Monthly Magazine:

MY DEAR SIR—Permit me to congratulate you on having secured for publication in your magazine so valuable and interesting a history as Col. John W. Emerson's "Grant's Life in the West." Being an ex-Confederate soldier, and the present owner of General Grant's old home near St. Louis, I have taken a lively interest in all that has been said and written about the General, and without hesitation I pronounce Colonel Emerson's story one of the very best that has been presented up to the present time—not only accurate as to details, presenting Grant as he really was, but with such spirit, force and beautiful diction as to render it positively fascinating. It is certainly a work of rare interest and merit—historically and otherwise. Very truly yours,

LUTHER H. CONN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 16, 1898.

# WHAT COLONEL CADLE,

the Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Commission, thinks of it:

Editor The Midland Monthly Magazine:

MY DEAR SIR—I have your letter asking for my opinion of Col. John W. Emerson's "Life of Grant" now current in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It is original in its conception; so far as published it is giving Grant's military career in a style different from the many works of other writers; and it is going further than most of them, in giving personal reminiscences of our hero of the Civil War. Such exploiting of his personal career is the more interesting because we have had full descriptions of his great military operations. As one of the soldiers in Grant's Army of the Tennessee, and more especially as an Iowa soldier, I am glad to make this reply. Yours very truly,

CORNELIUS CADLE.

The valuable testimony of Colonel (now General) Grant, which General Merritt regards as "of great importance," is as follows:

S. PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN., April 5, 1898.

25 E. SIXTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1897.

Editor The Midland Monthly Magazine:

MY DEAR SIR—I have read with intense interest and pleasure the articles published in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE entitled "Grant's Life in the West," written by Colonel Emerson. I consider his statements with reference to the private life of my father, and his re-entrance into the army at the commencement of our Civil War, as more accurate than any which have up to this time appeared. I believe that all Colonel Emerson has written will be of great value in the final history of General Grant. With many thanks for your kindness in writing to me, I am, yours very truly,

FREDERICK D. GRANT.

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SUNRISE IN THE SIERRAS.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XI.

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No. 3



STEAMBOAT ROCK—KILBOURN CITY, WIS.

*There is no soil on the rock and the trees grow in the solid rock.*

## THE DELLES OF WISCONSIN.

BY MILDRED McNEAL.

*Photographs by F. Cornelius.*

URS has never been famed as a scenic State. The great tide of travel sets straight past it, eastward and westward, and comparatively few ever stop over at Kilbourn to view our only wonder, the Delles. Even we, who have lived within twenty miles of them for almost as many years, must confess to having carefully toned down our expectations before our visit, lest we be disappointed forsooth, and wish we had not gone; and it was not without many misgivings as to whether it would "pay," and a subdued murmur from

Geannie that it only cost six dollars to go up Mount Washington, that we gave our guide three dollars on the eventful morning of our trip.

The Dell Queen left her moorings promptly and we reveled in the exquisite freshness of the air and the soft beauty of the river, half seen through the fading mist—but declined to pronounce upon the scenery. When the boat approached the jaws, however, and the silent majority of this great gateway began to widen upon us, our inner disparagements were stilled. It was almost like the Hudson.



A QUIET NOOK ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

A shade of difference in the color of the rocks—a few more feet of height—and the splendid themselves would have been before us. From that time on we were all expectancy. It is a bizarre bit of wilderness—this seven miles of river—and quite defies



ANVIL ROCK—KILBOURN CITY, WIS.



comparison. If one thinks of the Thousand Islands, Castle Rest promptly suggests itself, and there is no Castle Rest at the Delles. Neither is there any railway, cog wheel or otherwise, to spoil the gorge bottom, as there is at Niagara. The Dell Queen picks her way cautiously up stream twice a day and leaves her little quota of boats to follow idly down. But aside from her lonely whistle and the faint air of civilization lent by a board shanty near Chapel Gorge, the solitude

toying with the soft sandstone rocks. This odd play has gone on ever since and the chief charm of the Delles will always lie in the queer playthings she has left behind her in growing older. Their name is legion and each is lovelier than the last, but the economical visitor who tries to "do" the Delles from the deck of the steamer will pass half of them by. They are accessible, as a rule, only to small boats, and long before the day was over we had forgotten to regret our three



PICTURED ROCKS, THREE MILES BELOW PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.  
*The Rock is of Sandstone of Many Different Colors.*

is as complete and delightful as at Mount Washington itself—that splendid fastness of Mother Nature.

She has been very kind to us of Wisconsin. Man, as we well know, has a passion for navigable rivers and is fond of improving things. But thus far he has found small satisfaction in "improving" the Wisconsin. It is one of those rare spots kept by our mother with happy decision, for her own special delight. Centuries ago she set her water currents dancing with the sand bars and

dollars, and were only wondering what would come next.

All along the river the rocks are traced with the daintiest of green that follows closely the fine lines of stratification. In Cold Water Canon and Witches' Gulch this exquisite tapestry is at its loveliest. These wonderful, half underground passages, worn out of the solid rock by the long action of the waters, are always damp and cool, and their fantastic shapes win marvelous grace from the fragile vegetation that covers them. Often it is



BLUFFS EAST OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS.

coarse and thick like seaweed, and lies flat on the moist rock, with almost microscopic bits of ferny green relieving its coarser texture. Every now and then, toc, the gorge widens, giving a lovely upward vista of sky and sunlight, pine and birch—a rare blending of grass and fern and dark rock—a vision of green and silver and shadow. These bewitching canons will always



TAKING COLORED SANDSTONE FROM THE PICTURED ROCKS.

be the dream and the despair of the visitor with a kodac. Every vista seems far lovelier than the last and every line and tint is subtly planned to catch the artist's eye; but the light, as we found to our sorrow, is quite an unknown quantity. We took nearly an hour for the walk through both Cold Water Canon and the Gulch, stopping longingly a score of times before some enchanting grouping of the old elements, rock and rustic walk and fragile green hangings. Our camera girl lingered longest in a delightful grotto, far wider at the top

not. The grotto had been too dark for snap shots, after all.

After a lunch near Witches' Gulch, on such a slope and with such a view as fall to the lot of few campers, we embarked with our guide for Stand Rock.

The pastoral beauty of the river at this point is in striking contrast to its dark dignity at the Narrows, where the Giant's Elbow is barely fifty feet from the opposite rock, and the water runs on without a ripple, ninety feet deep. Above Witches' Gulch, bottom is constantly in view, and here are half a score of treach-



ARTIST'S GLEN—KILBOURN, WIS.

than most, and crossed at different angles by three massive tree trunks. Years before they had fallen from their proud stand in the wood above and as they lay there with their stately heads in the brook and the sunlight busily kissing out the gold tints in their mossy green bark, we thought it indeed a picture for a painter. The kodac button snapped at last. It was an experiment, Geannie said, and no one with a spark of scientific fire could have done otherwise. But alas for our expectations! When we developed our films a week later, that one picture was

erous rifts where the dull red sand lies almost at the surface. The river banks are lined with willows, and it is only as we reach the edge of a great dry marsh, which our guide tells us is overflowed in the spring, that we see the cliffs rising again far inland. Some of the most fantastic shapes are awaiting us here—Visor Rock, Hornet's Nest, Luncheon Hall, the Devil's Anvil and Stand Rock—it is the veritable playhouse of Nature.

We found it a hard climb up the cliffs, after pausing briefly under Visor Rock. The path is almost perpendicular in



places, and, being thickly bedded in the ever-prevailing sand, with only a stray rock or two visible here and there, one's footing is seldom very secure. Luncheon Hall and the Anvil lie a little above the Hornet's Nest, and even the most fastidious picknicker could desire no more charming spot for a lunch than the wide sandstone room that opens out at the east upon a view of the placid, willow-fringed Wisconsin, and at the west upon a thickly wooded valley, with Stand Rock at the opposite extremity.

Perhaps it is a weakness of human na-

another party opportunely appeared on the rocks above. With an air of the greatest self-sacrifice, our own athlete called to Mike to jump, and Mike jumped, making the five feet in safety, and incidentally immortalizing himself.

The climb up that cliff was something we shall remember as long as we remember the Delles. All went well until we reached a narrow shelf, which lay, alas, six feet or more from the top, with no way to get up except by mounting on a very tippy pile of blocks, which had been carefully arranged with all the smallest



GLACIER FORMATION ON BLUFFS EAST OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

ture to wish to be photographed. The guide had posed himself sheepishly in view when our camera was put in position for Luncheon Hall, and when, after a delightful wooded walk, we stood at the foot of Stand Rock, he again mentioned the advisability of his going up to leap the gap for the benefit of our artist. We longed to gratify him—his suggestion was so naively put—but hearing some suspicious sounds down among the trees, and having the usual feminine horror of horned beasts, we firmly declined being left alone, and would have missed the rare view entirely had not

ones at the bottom. The opportune party from Stand Rock, doubly opportune this time, was now on the upper level, and with the assistance of the two youths in gray bicycle suits, the bridegroom and Mike, we ascended one by one, with a conspicuous absence of grace and a lamentable presence of sand on our gloves, skirts and boots.

Everywhere about the cliffs, especially near Luncheon Hall, the soft sandstone bears innumerable names and dates, left by the idle tip of some cane or parasol, and as we stood opposite Stand Rock, the surprise of our trio may be imagined



SHIELD ROCK—KILBOURN, WIS.

*There is a date on the Shield not distinct.*

to see our own name spelled, with an "a," The walk along the crest of the bluffs too, sunk in staring letters half way up between these colossal toys is full of charm. The height, while so broken by the pedestal.



BLACK HAWK TREE, BLUFF STREET, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

*So called from the fact that Black Hawk concealed himself in its branches for three days.*

trees as to lack even a hint of the dizzy splendor of mountain climbing, is yet great enough to command a varied and lovely view—the downward curve of the foliage directly beneath—the broad marsh—the exquisite green of the willow covered islands and the river.

We have seldom been so near to Nature's heart as we were on the float back to Kilbourn. There is not a trace of man's handiwork to be seen, but every now and then there is a spring, whose waters, running coldly down from some wee rock fissure, invites one to be refreshed, or a dim, moss-green cove or glen to tempt one from the boat. Some of the caves, however, are so small and dark that none but a daring boatman would ever have discovered them. Skylight Cave was especially odd. The boat enters between the great hulls of the vessels, for it is in the Navy Yard, and gropes in utter darkness for perhaps forty feet, when the skylight becomes visible, giving the startled voyager a vivid impression of the consequence of a single unwary step up there among the green trees and the sunshine.

The strangest bit on the river is Eton Grotto. Our guide told us it was a gas cave and aroused our deepest curiosity by poking vigorously about the bottom

with his oar, at the same time holding a lighted match close to the surface of the water. Very soon a pale line of blue flame was seen close under the rock where the little ripples were breaking. It crept slowly along, growing brighter as our guide grew more industrious with his oar, and dying out entirely when he pulled the long blade out of the water. We wondered greatly what could cause this uncanny phenomenon, but our guide was not a scientist, and all our questioning failed to elicit any information we would dare put into print.

There is little of interest after passing the Jaws, but we floated on very idly; for however fickle and passionate the river may be in early spring, when the green marshes are flooded and the water, many feet higher than in summer, beats eagerly at the keels of the ships that never sail,—in August it is a rare stream. The swallows have hollowed out their nests in the soft sandstone ledges, reared their young and flown away, leaving the river doubly still. The broad reaches are tender and invite one. The cliffs make one strong. The winds and the waves and the trees all conspire to give one rest and Nature's voice is as clear and sweet as it ever was in the long years before the white man came.

## A DREAM.

I gazed into the west and watched  
The clouds asunder drift;  
I heard the children in the street,  
Their merry voices lift.

And as I stood I dreamed of love—  
A love not of this earth;  
But love brought by a saraph here;  
A rose in heav'n, its birth.

I dreamed the angel gave it me,  
As pleased me most to do,  
I followed Fate, 'till you I met,  
Then gave it all to you.

—Clarence Ware.



# A SWAMP ADVENTURE.

BY A MISSISSIPPIAN.

THE Yazoo Delta is located in the northwestern part of the State of Mississippi. Its natural boundary lines are the Mississippi River on west, and the Yazoo, running in a northeasterly direction, on the east. Starting from a point below Vicksburg, and skirting the right bank of the Yazoo River,

Deer Creek, the Little Sunflower, and Big Sunflower Rivers. The design, if traced on a piece of paper, would look somewhat like a harp, the Mississippi being the upright beam, the Yazoo the diverging column, and the streams just mentioned the strings.

On the banks of the four lesser streams



A GLOOMY STRETCH OF SHADY WOODS.

are the Walnut Hills. Like the river, they go in a diagonal direction across the north-central part of the State. Between these hills and the Mississippi River, fifty to seventy-five miles to the west, stretches the famous Yazoo Swamp. At distances of ten and fifteen miles, and almost in parallel lines, a number of creeks and small rivers flow southward across this swamp country and empty into the Yazoo at different points above where it joins the Father of Waters. These smaller streams are Silver Creek,

are found many of the plantations which made the South famous. But after leaving these mile-wide cultivated strips the traveler would have to traverse a veritable jungle until he came to another creek, lake or river, with its cultivated region, beyond which would stretch another howling wilderness, and so on through these alternating plantation belts, and great dismal swamps, until at last one stood on the banks of the Monarch of Rivers.

The swamp we are speaking of in this

chapter was the first in order, and lay between the Walnut Hills and the Yazoo River. It varied from five to ten miles in width and was over fifty miles long. It was a gloomy stretch of shadowy woods, cypress and cane-brakes, and rustling palmettos. The cypress trees trailed from their branches long banners of gray moss, while from the tops of other monarchs of the forest, great vines fifty feet and more in length, and thick as a human limb, fell earthward, and looked in their natural twists and convolutions like immense anacondas and boa constrictors, ready and waiting for their prey.

On the ground was a thick brown carpet of leaves which had been steadily forming for many years. The trunks of prostrate trees overthrown by storms, or fallen through decay, were spotted with gray and white as by a leprous touch. The light that filtered through the thick foliage above, was of a misty, veiled order, which served to make the shadowy vistas all the more spectral, and prepared the thumping heart for a greater leap at the appearance, now not unexpected, of some uncanny thing or being in a neighboring or remote opening of the woods.

To stand alone, even at midday, in the midst of this swamp was an experience never to be forgotten. The sky would be almost entirely shut out by the interwoven branches and leaves overhead. The only sounds to be heard was the occasional fall of an acorn, the tap of a woodpecker, the scream of a blue jay, or cry of some strange bird hidden away in thicket or lagoon. When these were not noticed, then the listener became conscious of a sound that, no matter how often heard, always sent the blood tingling through the body and an awestruck feeling to the soul. It was the sigh of the woods! the voice of the forest itself! It would steal upon the ear a faint, far off murmur; rise to a soft, plaintive wail for minutes, and then die away into a silence, which was as affecting as the sound itself. Sometimes the sigh would be kept up unbrokenly for minutes before it would cease its complaint, and sink to rest in some remote depths of the wilderness. The writer never stood near the edge of this swamp, entered into its borders, or rode through its extent, without

hearing this peculiar melancholy sound. It seemed to be a lament over something in itself, and a prophecy of trouble. It might well have stood for the sorrowful things which had taken place within its own dark boundaries.

Some gruesome occurrences had transpired in past years along its bayous and in its depths which made a number reluctant to go alone through it in the day, and positively refuse to go at all by night. There had been several murders or suicides, none knew which, and there was no way of finding out, as the woods never told its secrets, but kept on sighing. There had been a number of drownings in branch, slough and bayou. One in particular comes back to the mind. Two negro men had been sent to drive a yoke of oxen across the swamp to the river. There had been a heavy rain, which had swollen a bayou and caused it to overflow its banks; the negroes, thinking they could wade across, drove the oxen into the water, and saw them immediately swept off their feet, and, hampered by the yoke, drown, and float away in the current. The two men swam to a tree, and, climbing up to a fork, sat there for hours, calling in vain for help. At last, in the dusk of the evening, one of them, despairing of assistance, leaped from the tree with the intention of swimming to the shore, but, to the horror of his comrade, after making a few efforts, sank before his eyes. The other remained on his lonely perch through the night, shouting at intervals, but answered only by hooting owls. Late next day he was rescued by a passing hunter, more dead than alive.

There were numerous instances like this, most of them connected with a certain bayou, which, rising in the hills, stole through the swamp with a serpentine course, and winding around a part of the western edge of the woods, necessitated a crossing by ford or ferry in order to reach the plantations beyond. This bayou regularly paid tribute to the Yazoo River in the shape of dead bodies of men, who, bewildered in the night, had attempted to cross in the wrong place, and, sinking in the mud, or becoming entangled in the vines, were swallowed up and borne away by the yellow stream.

Owing to the faint trails through the

swamp, and their frequent crossing of one another, it was difficult for a person to get through even in the day time; while to attempt the task at night meant perfect failure to any one except those most familiar with the paths of the forest. Even they, on dark nights, would be puzzled and have to wait for the moon to rise or the day to break in order to pursue their journey. Hence the cries of nocturnal birds and prowling animals were not the only sounds that proceeded from the swamp after nightfall. Oftentimes from

eral soldiers; so the shouts would die away as the man wandered further off, and nothing would be heard save the cry of some distant night bird. She said, "the melancholy impressions of those nights would never be effaced."

The swamp had a population peculiarly its own; a number of deer, a few bear, panthers and catamounts, some wild turkeys, and every kind of owl and variety of bird. It had also its turtles, sleeping on sunlit logs, or falling with a "plunk" into the green sloughs at the snapping



HE WAS LEAPING FROM LOG TO LOG.

its dark depths came the shout or cry of a belated and lost traveler, which would be succeeded and swallowed up later by the distant hooting of owls.

A lady well known to the writer, lived, during the Civil War, on the western edge of this swamp, her plantation being skirted by the woods. Her dwelling was a quarter of a mile from the forest, and there were nights when she said she could hear these calls and cries of lost travelers. There was no one whom she could dispatch to their relief, as the negroes had been driven or enticed away by the Fed-

of a twig; and snakes coiled up and looking like a bunch of autumn leaves, or dragging their spotted length across the trail before you. In addition to these natural denizens, were the lost travelers of whom I have spoken, and during the war a band of men who were deserters from the Confederate ranks, or flying from draft and conscription, took to this tangled wilderness for refuge, and there building huts of palmetto, and feeding on fish, turkey, the flesh of the wild hog and such other things as they could silently snare or entrap, they kept a watchful eye

out for government officers, and would disappear like a flash in a cane-brake where it would have taken an army to have found them.

On one occasion, the writer went with a number of friends on a deer hunt. Two of the party were Confederate officers home on furlough. We had penetrated deep into the swamp and were swiftly following the dogs, whose cry was growing fainter and fainter in the distance as they followed the game. Something had happened to make the deer avoid the "stand," and, forsaking the usual run on the ridge, went deep into the forest. One of the officers and the writer, then a lad, found themselves together going at as great speed after the pack of receding hounds as the cane, palmetto and jungle-like woods would allow, when suddenly there stood before us, leaning on his gun, and not twenty yards away, a deserter. When he glanced up and saw the uniformed man by my side, his astonishment was as great as his instantaneous flight was rapid. The soldier gave a great outcry and spurred his horse to a swift pursuit. How the man escaped us has ever been a mystery. The next time we saw him he was fully an hundred yards away in the middle of a cypress slough leaping from log to log and going where we could not possibly follow. He seemed to thoroughly know his ground, or, rather, lack of ground, and had we attempted to cross as he did the result would have been death to the horses and certain disaster to ourselves. We had one more distant glimpse of him through an opening of the trees. He had crossed the quagmire and stood for a moment on the bank looking back at us, when, with a bound, he plunged into a cane-brake and disappeared.

As a boy of thirteen, I first saw this swamp, heard its sigh, felt its strange, sorrowful presence, and stood in fear and awe of its secrets, its known and unknown history.

I recall standing just outside my mother's plantation, close to the border of the forest, and peering into its far-away depths, curiously, wistfully, and yet fearfully. I wanted to go in, but the dark shadows, gloomy vistas and that solemn sigh kept me back.

A few months later I had penetrated

the woods a half mile alone and after that, a mile. At fourteen, gun in hand, I found myself two miles deep in the swamp, on the banks of a cypress brake, beyond which the forest stretched away with even darker depths, and more melancholy sounds. Hunters told me of other brakes and bayous beyond, where wild game abounded, and Indians came in the fall to hunt.

Of course, I went deeper after that, till I reached the heart of the forest, and knew that miles of dense woodland stretched on every side of me. To this day I recall the lonely scene, the dark vistas of the woods, the moss-grown and mouldering logs, the matted and knotted vines falling from lofty limbs to the ground, and running like suspension bridges from tree to tree. I still remember the awful stillness of the hour and place, broken only at intervals by the weird cry of the rain-crow on some tree top, the hoarse boom of a frog from a brake, or that mournful sigh coming up from invisible and unknown regions of the forest.

At fifteen I knew well some of the trails across the swamp, and one day, while on horseback, I met in its very center a carriage with a negro driver on the box and three ladies inside, all looking bewildered, evidently lost, and not knowing what to do. It was a beautiful October afternoon and the autumn leaves were falling silently like a golden rain through the woods. To this day I recall the anxious face of the driver and the troubled countenances of the lady and her two handsome, dark-eyed daughters. Taught by my mother to be always gallant and polite to ladies, I offered my services to guide the distressed group out of the swamp, yet I must admit that the two pair of dark eyes turned appealingly to me, prevented me from proving recreant to my early training. By this act of courtesy, however, I was led a number of miles directly away from home, and it was already late in the afternoon. There was a volley of fervent thanks from the carriage window:

"Oh, you are so kind."

"How can we sufficiently thank you," etc., etc.

In the midst of it all I headed the procession, with leaves falling upon us, or

rustling under the horses' feet, and led the way to the farther side of the swamp.

The ladies were now able for the first time to note the gold and crimson beauty of the woods, apart from the terror of its shadowy depths and solemn moan, which rose and fell like a requiem.

When I left the party an hour later, in sight of the open fields and blue hills beyond, fervent expressions of gratitude from the inmates of the carriage were again repeated; but insisting I had done nothing but what gave me pleasure, I gal-

loped back in the forest, leaving the negro driver my life-long friend, and saying with every tooth revealed: "I's sho glad we dun meet you dis day."

And yet only a few months after this occurrence I lost my way after nightfall in the heart of this same forest, and had to wait for hours at the foot of a tree until moonrise in order to find the road. I shall never forget the convention the owls held over the affair, nor the blood-curdling "hoo-hoos" and "hah-hahs" of

which they freely delivered themselves. As to the "who," I knew well enough the troubled individual; and as to the laughter over his predicament, I felt he might well have been spared. If they had only known how the lost lad had been forced into their company, and was only too anxious to find his way back to civilization, they surely would have had pity on his ears and fears during that long night.

I was twenty-two years of age when one night the following occurrence took place in this memorable swamp.



A COLOSSAL FIGURE WITH HAIR AND BEARD AS WHITE AS SNOW.

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At the time, I was associated in business with a gentleman who was planting and merchandising on a large scale, having a couple of plantations which lay at the foot of the hills, and on the eastern line of the swamp. Learning late one night that his friend was to be robbed of a certain number of cotton bales, then lying at one of the Yazoo River landings, I determined to give him warning at once. Had I waited until next day it would have been too late. I was at the time on the western edge of the swamp. It was then

nine o'clock, and the wide, black, sighing forest lay between me and the man I desired to warn.

I never hesitated, however, but flinging myself on a fleet bay mare, soon crossed the plantation and entered the woods. It was quite dark, and I had to trust much to the horse, while urging her into a gallop whenever the road and a few starlighted spaces made it possible. I had progressed swiftly, and well, and was just in the center of the swamp, when, glancing to the right where an old road had

in due time came out into the mid-<sup>st</sup> of broad corn and cotton fields, with the stars shining softly and reassuringly upon me, and the lights of the house I was approaching, twinkling in the distance.

I found that the gentleman had retired, but was reading in bed. After telling him why I had taken the long night ride, and he had decided as to his course of action, I bade him good night and prepared to return, steadily refusing his invitation to remain. Just as I was about to open the door, he called out, saying:



HE CLUTCHED ME TIGHTLY ABOUT THE THROAT.

made a semi-circular bend about a fallen tree, I saw, twenty feet away, what seemed to be a gigantic man with a dark face, and hair and beard white as snow. There was a sudden leap of the heart into the throat, the horse gave a snort and swerved aside; but being in a hurry, and having no desire anyhow to stop and examine into such a strange and supernatural looking spectacle, at such an hour and in such a place, I swept on, leaving the real or imaginary thing behind, and

"Be careful as you go through the swamp to-night. The darkies say there is a crazy negro loose in the woods, as big as a giant and his hair as white as cotton."

Instantly I recalled the vision I had beheld in the forest, and told my friend I had already seen the crazy man.

With another warning from him to "look out," I closed the door, and mounting my horse, now fresh again from a half hour's rest, was soon cantering across the fields.



A silver haze stretched in lines or hung in banks over the quiet landscape. The glittering constellation Scorpion, which I had marked in the beginning of the night ride, had sunk out of sight in the West, but the Great and Little Bear swung high in twinkling beauty in the northern sky over the forest which I was approaching. The swamp never looked darker to me than it did that night; and it seemed I never heard it sigh so much as when stooping my head, I rode at eleven o'clock under its low hanging branches into its black depths. The grating sound made by the mighty limbs overhead reminded me of a giant grinding his teeth. Away off to the left an owl hooted. It seemed the echoes would never die away. The cry was to the left, which, according to the Southern negro, means bad luck. There was another hoot from a different quarter, and the woods sighed as if in mortal pain. I followed the trail around a brake which could not be forded, the cypress knees looking in the dim starlight like headstones in a graveyard. I crossed a boggy slough, rode along its banks a mile, then on through cane-brakes and rustling palmettos, past the place where I had seen the startling vision.

I galloped on swiftly a mile or so, when suddenly from the left side of the road, where the trees were loftiest, and the shadows most dense, and there was a mass of tangled vines, a wild scream rang out on the air, followed immediately by a burst of maniacal laughter.

To say that my blood almost froze in my veins and a great horror filled me is to speak only the truth. But in five seconds it was all over as I recognized in the sounds, at first so startling, the peculiar laughter-like cries of our Southern owls. They first give a scream and then indulge in "haw-haws" horribly like the merriment of maniacs.

I observed that my horse never swerved at this sound. She recognized the natural quicker and better than I did.

Two miles farther put me in the neighborhood of "Dead Man's Bayou." As I drew near, looking carefully through the gloom for the road which led down to the ford, I suddenly saw through the trees ahead of me and to one side, the same colossal figure and white head I had encountered several hours before in

the center of the forest. Sopping my horse, I watched him with a beating heart, as he moved in a line almost parallel to the road and near the water's edge of the bayou. Like a flash I remembered my friend's warning, and said under my breath:

"Here is the crazy man."

Riding a little nearer, and again reining in my horse, I looked and listened. I saw at once he was trying to find a log or place where he could cross the stream, and I heard him moaning and muttering to himself. The bayou and the road approached each other at an angle, and I saw that the man would reach the ford ahead of me.

Here was a situation indeed. Still nearly a mile from home, Dead Man's Bayou to cross, and a brawny negro lunatic in thirty feet of me!

Passing on ahead, the man still unconscious of my presence, went down to the bridge of rails or puncheons laid in the mud which made the ford; but as half of it was covered with rushing water fully four feet deep, his course was arrested, and again he gave that moaning sound. He moved up and down the bank, his gigantic figure looking still larger for the shadows, his white head floating spectrally in the gloom, and still muttering to himself.

What should I do?

Evidently the man was trying to cross the bayou. Unacquainted with the logs beneath, and ignorant of the depth of the water before him, he did not know what course to pursue.

I had a great battle within. Should I make a dash for the ford and leave this escaped lunatic in the woods? It certainly was the most prudent course. What would my slight form be in the grasp of this dangerous and powerful creature. Besides, I was under no obligation, even if equally strong, to be hunting up and helping maniacs who were wandering about at midnight in a swamp.

But a feeling of pity began to rise in my heart. The creature, whomever he might be, was in distress. I felt like running a risk to do a kindness. So, riding up suddenly out of the dark to him, I said:

"Can I help you across the water?"

The reply was so gibberish that a

spasm of fear shot through me; but under the uncanny sound was the accent of suffering, and bending forward to scrutinize the features of the lunatic in the starlight, I thought I saw enough of need and bewilderment to be construed into a supplication for help. So speaking again to him cheerily and pointing to a fallen tree, I said:

"Stand on that log and get on behind me, and I will take you across."

The herculean Bedlamite mounted the log while I urged my animal closer,

lunatic to take a ride behind me in the woods at midnight."

The thought also flashed through me with a kind of grim humor:

"Who would have dreamed that having been warned about this very man, I would have him, a burly crazy negro, hoisted up on my horse behind me, just two hours later. What would my friend think if he could see me now?"

But another moment reassured me as I noticed that the grasp was not of hate



STANDING WAIST DEEP IN THE BAYOU, WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY, I HELPED HIM TO HIS FEET.

when, with hands outstretched, he stooped down and clutched me tightly about the throat! Merciful heavens! was he going to choke his benefactor?

No! evidently not this time. The hands pressed heavily down to steady his body, and he then stiffly swung himself astride the horse. The next moment he threw his arms around me and had me so pinioned that I could scarcely guide the animal! Another fear rose in my heart as I felt the grasp, while I mentally said:

"What a fool I am to be asking a giant

or fury, but was, in a certain sense, one of helplessness.

Still, with sensations far from pleasant, I turned toward the ford. The horse fairly staggered under the heavy load as approaching the bridge I rode in to the rushing torrent. She kept her footing with difficulty on the puncheons, which had grown smooth and slippery from the continual flow of water over them. The yellow current ran with a noise that rose above the floundering of the horse and the tossing of the tree branches overhead.

The faithful, but overloaded animal had reached the middle of the stream, when suddenly the left forefoot shot in between two of the sunken logs. The noble creature made a splendid effort to keep up and pull out, but in vain, and down all three of us went together into the flood. The horse struggled like a leviathan until the foot was extricated, and then plunged for the bank. The lunatic released his pinioning grasp of me and disappeared under the yellow waves. I made a precipitate dash for the sinking man, caught hold of his arms, which appeared thrust upward out of the water, and, standing waist deep in the bayou, with great difficulty helped him to his feet.

In a few moments all three of us stood on the bank of the rushing stream, thoroughly saturated, and presenting a most remarkable appearance. The snorting, trembling horse, the white-headed, moaning lunatic, and myself, holding the animal with one hand and the crazy negro with the other, made a curious trio.

The rest of the journey to the house, which was almost a mile away, was made on foot, all three of us walking abreast along the star-lighted road, with white cotton fields on each side, and no sound breaking the stillness but the low, inarticulate noise made by the lunatic, and the footfalls of the faithful animal by my side.

In a little while the horse was comfortable in his stall in front of a full trough, the demented man was left in kind hands in one of the negro cabins, where food and dry clothing were given him, while I, in the "Big House," tossed wakefully upon my bed and reviewed the strange scenes of the last few hours.

One thing was perfectly clear to me before falling asleep, and that was that in the face of the perils which had been encountered, but one thing had perished in the woods or drowned in the bayou, and that was my fear of the poor crazy negro.

## RUDYARD.

Rudyard Kipling's latest rhythm, ambled oddly in McClure,  
Vaccinated with queer phrases perpetrated to allure;  
It was crammed with aching unction, it was choked with unabashed  
Solecisms and big isms, twisted, tangled, mixed and hashed.

It was gorged with vim, and vagueness, it was plugged with platitudes,  
And it monkeyed with distracting cranium cracking interludes;  
How it throbbed with undiscovered inferentials, which were treed  
By linguistical acumen bobbing up and down the screed.

That ambiguous opaqueness, that verbosity refined,  
That antiquity that tickles his philologistic mind,  
How we long to plunge, and paddle, in the billows of his verse,  
How we sigh to sip the nectar so aesthetically terse.

And are quivering, and quaking, metaphorically said,  
To lasso those unfathomed disquisitions, live or dead;  
And we tearfully acknowledge that we wrench our brains for naught,  
Concocting plots to dynamite his armor-plated thought.

Now if Rudyard will interpret or will listen while we coax  
Him to loan his little secret, we won't term his verse a hoax;  
Yea more, here's forty dollars if he'll put us on the scent,  
Stop! we'll make it just a hundred if he'll tell us what he meant.

—Wallace A. Gorham.

# A SUMMER CRUISE IN THE FAR EAST.

By R. B. PEERY.

THE fair city of Nagasaki lay welter- in the heat of a July sun. The tiled roofs threw a burning glare into my eyes, and the stone pavements scorched my feet as I passed down the silent streets to the wharf. A crowd of boatmen at once gathered around me and solicited the privilege of taking me to the steamer, and after bartering for the price, I stepped into a light, little sampan and away we went out into the harbor. The breath of the water, never quite still, fanned the perspiration from my face, and gave some re-

fortable steamer chairs scattered about over it. More than a dozen men and women were sprawling around in them in lazy attitudes, and three or four little children were playing about the deck. Looking closely at these people, I saw that they were a mixture of Russians, Germans, Frenchmen and Japanese, with a few faces that might be either American or English. A cosmopolitan crowd affords fine opportunities for observing national differences and peculiarities, and I was glad to have all classes and condi-



HOUSE, WITH ROMAN PRIEST IN DOOR.

lief from the intense heat of a Japanese midsummer day. The harbor was filled with boats, loading and unloading cargo, and we slowly wound our way through them until we found the Sagami Maru, on which I purposed taking a short cruise to the Korean coast.

She appeared a good steamer, riding there at anchor, her cargo all in, and steam up ready for sailing. Bounding out of my sampan, I ran quickly up the gangway and looked about me, to see what kind of quarters I was to have during my outing. There was a broad open deck, sheltered from the scorching sun by thick canvas, with numerous com-

tions of people as traveling companions.

Going below, I sought my cabin, and found that I was to share a large one with a genial-faced Russian, who had already taken possession of the best berth. One glance revealed to him my nationality, and he addressed me kindly in pure English. I afterwards heard him speak French and German to passengers of those races with as much readiness and fluency as he spoke his own tongue. Why is it that we Americans do not acquire foreign languages like the races of Northern Europe?

Promptly at four o'clock the gong sounded, and the Sagami weighed anchor

and steamed slowly down the harbor. Merchantmen and men-of-war were lying thick around us, and very cautiously did we wind our way through them; then we increased speed, and sailed rapidly out of this, one of the world's prettiest harbors. The picturesque hills on either side, the peaceful town scattered along the water's edge, and the many ships lying at anchor in the harbor made a lovely view for the eye to rest upon; but soon it faded away in the distance, and we glided on, down past the quarantine station, past historic Pappenberg, past the coal islands in the harbor entrance, and out into old ocean. The sea was calm, a gentle breeze sprang

ripples as they kissed the sides of the great ship. With a gentle rise and bound, and then a gradual sinking motion, the Sagami sped swiftly on, with a monotonous swish! swish! swish! The mild, bracing sea air gave fresh energy, and we sat around on deck, laughing and talking until a late hour; then one by one we stole away to our cabins, and slept sweetly, rocked in the cradle of the restless waves.

I was on deck early next morning and found that we were to have an ideal day. The sun had risen in a cloudless sky, and the sea had that filmy, glassy look it sometimes has in fine weather. We were sail-



STREET SCENE.

up which was delightfully cool and refreshing, and the cruise was begun under most favorable circumstances.

By the time we were well out of the harbor the gong sounded for dinner, and we all went below and ate heartily—no one having time to get sick yet. There was an excellent opportunity to exercise one's ear in foreign languages, English, Russian, Japanese French, and German all being spoken at the same time, around the same dinner table. The evening on deck, under the light of a full moon, was delightful. The sea was calm, the waters had a soft, dream-begetting look, and a bright phosphorescent glow tinged the

ing northwest, and the pretty Japanese coast, with its low hills and crazy trees, was still visible in the distance. In these mild seas everybody lives on deck, and in a little while all my fellow passengers joined me there. Off this west coast of Kyushu is one of the best whaling seas in the East, and we were on the lookout for a sight of one of the big sea monsters. Suddenly some one cried out, "a whale! a whale!" and there, not more than a hundred yards from the ship, a stream of water spouted up, and in a minute the great black back of a whale appeared above the surface of the water, and then sank back into the sea again.

He seemed afraid of our ship, for he fled from it as fast as he could. We could trace his course by the spouting water and the shiny hide that appeared each time the water went up. Soon a second one came on the scene, and we watched the two swimming along side by side and spouting water until they were out of sight. Then I heard a cry of "shark!" from the other side of the ship, and running over there I saw a big fish ploughing a great furrow through the sea.

than those we had left, but otherwise the appearance was the same. We entered the Fusan Bay, and the green hills on either side gradually closed in, making a good harbor. To the left stood Deer Island, which Russia so coveted for a coaling station until she succeeded in getting possession of Port Arthur; while just in front of us lay the town, on a level bit of ground between the hills and the seashore. As soon as the ship cast anchor I jumped into a little sampan,



OFFICIAL IN FULL DRESS.

Every few minutes he would stand right up in the water to a height of at least ten feet, and then tumble back again. God help any poor mariner whom unmerciful disaster throws in his path.

The coast of Japan had not long passed from the horizon when the dim outlines of the mountains of Corea became visible—so near is the southern end of the Corean peninsula to Japan. The coast looked more rugged and the hills higher

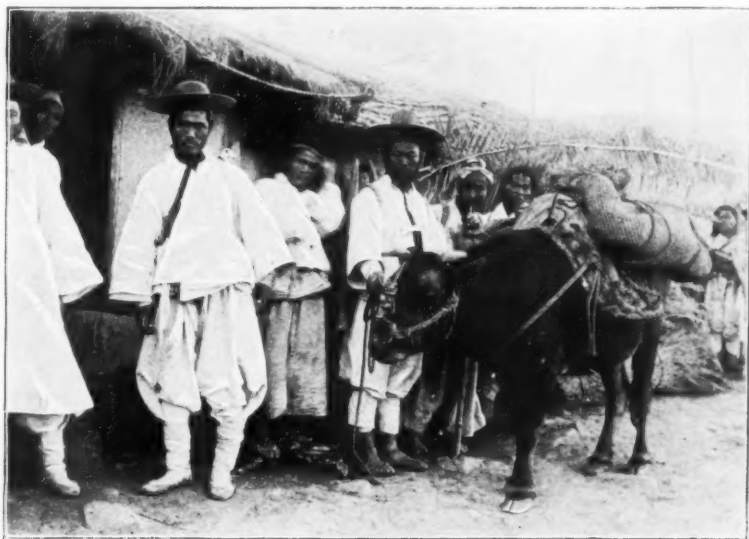
just like those in Japan, and went ashore.

But was this really Corea? The town that lay before me seemed in no whit unlike those I had seen so often in Japan; there were the same clean streets, the same light, airy houses, the same well-stocked shops, and the same smiling little maidens keeping them. Although on Corean soil, I was, as I soon learned, in a strictly Japanese town of four or five thousand inhabitants, that has been here



a flourishing colony for more than three hundred years. There is a Corean town one mile farther down the bay, and as I had not come to see the Japanese, I at once set out on the rough road leading down to it. From a low hill I had a view of the road, with the town in the distance; and I noticed many strange-looking white objects moving back and forth, or squatting on the rocks by the roadside like pelicans. Soon I came up with a party of these moving visions in white and lo! I was face to face with this new species of the genus homo—the Corean. An enormous hat, large baggy white

highly than any other part of his wardrobe. The hat is the badge of a gentleman; it is also the mark of a married man, as no one is permitted to wear a hat until he is married. And many a man thinks more of the hat he received at his wedding than of the bride. This headgear is made of fine black material, in several styles. If it gets wet it is ruined, so the Corean carries about with him an oil paper covering to protect his hat when it rains. If this is protected he does not seem to mind his other clothing getting wet. The Corean gentleman carries a fan, and a pipe about three feet



COREAN TYPES.

trousers and cloak, big wooden shoes, and a pipe about a yard long—such was the Corean as I saw him. He is larger and stronger than the Japanese, and lighter of color, but much more sluggish and deliberate in his movements.

His dress deserves fuller mention. The most prominent feature is the enormous white trousers, and the outer cloak reaching down to the feet. I saw no clothes except white ones—the men, women and children all seem to avoid colors. The garments of the upper classes were immaculate, but those of the poor people would have been much whiter for a good washing. A Corean prizes his hat more

long. The women also use the long pipes.

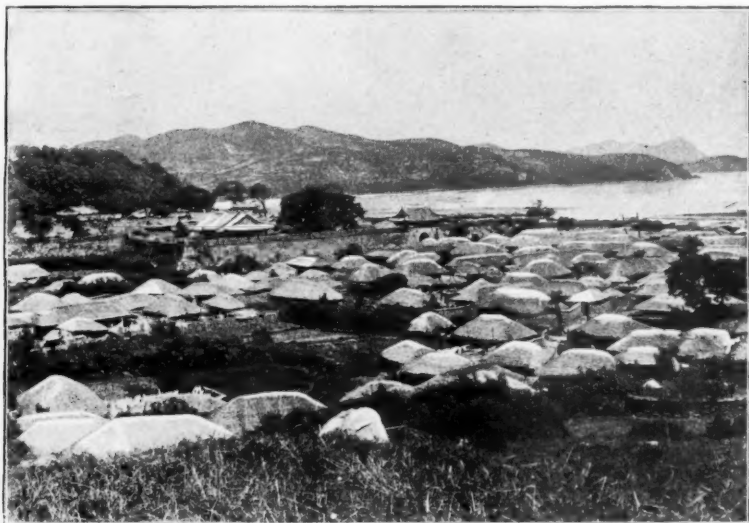
More than half the people I met on this road seemed to have nothing to do at all. The proportion of "gentlemen of leisure" in Corea is unusually large, and perhaps this fact will help to explain why the country is so poor. It is one of the settled principles of the Corean not to work. Although he may be extremely poor, and not have food for the morrow, he will manage to live somehow without working. Many of these soft-handed gentlemen in flowing white garments are supported by their wives.

There was a goodly number of coolies

on the road, and they were more interesting than the better classes. Strong, manly looking fellows they were, each bearing a big burden on his back, fastened to a forked stick. Some were carrying large sacks of rice, some goods boxes, and some enormous bundles of light firewood. Many of the low class women were coming and going freely with the men, and all of them seemed to have something to do. They were tall and muscular, in striking contrast with the dainty little Japanese women. Some of them carried big burdens on their heads, balancing them perfectly without using the hands, just as the negroes do in our

new uniform, followed along after to add dignity to the procession.

Soon I came to the outskirts of the native town, and such a squalid, miserable looking place I have never seen inhabited by human beings. There are no streets worthy of the name, and the houses—well, I would not have believed they were human residences had I not seen the poor people in them. They are made of mud and small stones, with a few upright posts to support the roof, which is made of straw, loosely laid on and held in place by straw ropes. Some of the houses are not ten feet square, and the larger ones are cut up into little rooms



VIEW OF NATIVE TOWN.

sunny Southland. Occasionally I passed a Corean woman of good class, almost concealed in long white robes that these women cover themselves with when they go on the streets. Some of the Japanese women are very pretty, but I saw no woman in Corea that I would call pretty.

This is one place where the bicycle has not come. I did not see one in the whole town; neither are there carriages, nor even jinrikshas. Now and then I passed a man riding a donkey, and I met one official who was being carried in luxurious style by four coolies, in a light, airy kago. A crier ran in front to clear the road, and two policemen, dressed in their

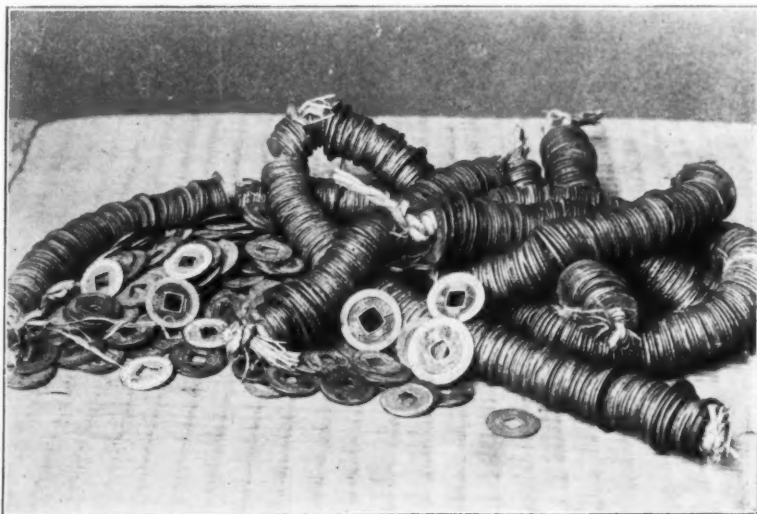
hardly big enough for one to turn around in. Many of them are not more than four feet high inside, and it is not intended that a man stand up in them. For floors they have hard, straw mats spread on the dry dirt, and all is as filthy and vile as one can conceive. These huts remind me more of dog kennels than of houses for people to live in. I hardly think I saw in the whole town one house that looked as well as this one shown in the picture. No wonder a race that lives in such huts is of no force in the world. These hovels are built over flues, just as our grandmothers used to have their dry-kilns to dry apples, and fires are made

underneath to keep them warm. The rooms are kept at a high temperature, and it is said to be almost impossible for a foreigner to sleep in them.

I saw no furniture at all, and very little to eat. The whole appearance was one of extreme poverty and misery. There were a few half-starved chickens, a dirty pig, and a mangy dog that barked at me from around the corner of the house. The shops were no better; there was nothing in them but cheap pipes and tobacco, Japanese matches, dried fish, seaweed, and some dirty little candies. They are as poor in comparison with the well-stocked little Japanese

washing them. To keep these clothes white and clean requires constant care, and a large part of the life of a Korean woman is spent over the washtub. After the washing is done, the wet garments are spread on a board and beaten out with a round stick, until they assume a rich, glossy appearance like soft silk—although the garments are of cotton material. The monotonous sound of this beating of clothes hardly ever ceases in a Korean town; it rings in one's ears at all hours.

My attention was attracted by some peculiar looking piles of straw, about as long as a man and two or three feet high,



KOREAN MONEY.

shop, as the latter is in comparison with a New York department store.

In the eating houses I saw beans, fish, a little rice, and wheaten cakes. Beans are the chief article of diet. Two women were grinding wheat in a little hut by the roadside. They were seated flat on the floor, with a pair of small, round stones between them; feeding the wheat in with one hand, they turned the upper stone around on the lower one, and thus crushed the grain. Life is still in the primitive state in Korea.

Along each little stream were crowds of women, almost covered up in piles of dirty white garments, busily engaged in

washing them. To keep these clothes white and clean requires constant care, and a large part of the life of a Korean woman is spent over the washtub. After the washing is done, the wet garments are spread on a board and beaten out with a round stick, until they assume a rich, glossy appearance like soft silk—although the garments are of cotton material. The monotonous sound of this beating of clothes hardly ever ceases in a Korean town; it rings in one's ears at all hours.

My attention was attracted by some peculiar looking piles of straw, about as long as a man and two or three feet high, scattered over the hillside above the town. They were constructed somewhat in the form of a diminutive tent, the straw being compactly intervoven to give solidity. Upon inquiry, I learned that these curious little straw heaps are temporary graves, where the bodies of the newly dead are deposited for six months or more, before they are buried in permanent graves in mother earth.

I was fortunate enough to happen in this town on a day when a public fair was held. Nearly all buying and selling is done on particular days, called fair days, two or three of which are held in each town every week. On these occas-

ions little booths are made on the sides of the street, and all articles of merchandise are spread out there to the inspection of very passer-by. When I had reached the center of the town, I found that the narrow streets were filled with cheap merchandise and thronging people, so that one could hardly pass through them. Such a conglomeration of cheap wares I had never seen, and they were scattered all about the streets, regardless of dust and dirt. A quick inventory of the stock of goods showed charcoal, brushwood, rock salt, straw mats, rice, beans, fresh fish, dried fish, seaweed, melons, chest-

required to aggregate one dollar, and they are almost as much as a man can carry. When one goes shopping in Corea he must take a servant along to carry his money. At this fair each petty merchant had a great pile of these coins by him, but the whole sum would not amount to five dollars. The money in circulation is a fair index of the business of the country, and the financial ability of the people.

When I had wearied of all this childish playing at business, I went back to my steamer, tired and hungry. The next morning at daybreak we sailed for Gen-



TEMPORARY GRAVES.

nuts, candies, wooden shoes, hats, pipes, combs, hairpins, beads, fans, pewter spoons, and huge piles of coarse, cotton cloth. Trade seemed to be flourishing, and the bargaining was great. The purchase of a pint of beans, or a narrow strip of cloth, costing two cents, was made to appear a very grave matter, and was only accomplished after a half hour's preliminary bargaining.

The money used in all these transactions is copper cash, the only money in general circulation in Corea. The cash is a round coin, very thin, with a square hole in the center, and its value is one-tenth of a cent. One thousand coins are

san, three hundred miles further up the coast, where we arrived safely, after an uneventful voyage, on the following day.

Gensan is beautifully located at the head of a broad, deep bay. The situation is prettier than that of Fusan; the surrounding hills and mountains being higher and grander. The country looks green and fresh, and the atmosphere is cool and invigorating. Here, too, is a Japanese settlement—not so large as the one at Fusan, but very clean and pretty. To the poor natives these Japanese houses seem splendid palaces, and such they are when compared with their own miserable, little hovels. I met a Corean

gentleman in the town who spoke Japanese, and he said, pointing to a little Japanese shop: "A Japanese house is very grand, isn't it?"

The poor, ignorant fellow was all unaware that this house is as poor in comparison with ours as his is in comparison with this, and would in no wise have believed me had I told him so.

I again walked out to the native town, and found the same filth, squalor, and misery I had seen in Fusan. It is a mystery how the people live at all, and such poor, empty lives are hardly worth living. The soil is fertile, and there is good timber in the hills, and if the people would only work there seems to be no good reason why they should not have respectable homes and plenty of food. But the Corean will not work; he will loaf, he will steal, he will starve, but work he will not. I suppose the avarice of the officials, who are said to rob every one that accumulates a little property, prevents the people from being more industrious; but a resident of this town told me that there is no such excuse here, and that the true reason for this poverty is to be found in the innate indolence of the race.

The Corean is also bound down by custom. You ask a man why he does not knock down his mud hut and build a comfortable home of the timber that grows on his land, and he will reply that his fathers have lived in that kind of a hut for generations, and he is no better than they. To build a larger house would be an insult to his ancestors. In the East the living are in bondage to the dead, and it is a terrible kind of bondage, precluding all growth and development. But the East is not alone in this slavery to the past, only her fetters are stronger.

Some of the large, wooden shoes that are worn here were exposed in a shop, and they were very curious shoes. Made of one solid piece of wood, they are scooped out until they are in the exact shape of a canoe, with two legs on the bottom. Wishing to take some back with me as curiosities, I tried to purchase them. I could not talk with the dealer, but he showed me his price on the abacus—\$1.50. I left him without purchasing, and sent a Chinaman back to barter, who bought those identical shoes for me for twenty-six cents. It seems to be the custom here to ask a half dozen prices for everything.

## FORGIVENESS.

We quarreled    Half in jest the words were said  
But ah! too soon I knew our love was dead.  
Her face, all glaucoured o'er with love divine,  
Grew stern and cold. And in her cheeks the wine  
Of Pride rose up, and turned them crimson red.  
At haughty pose was held her queenly head.  
I spoke again but pleading had no power  
To right the ruin wrought in that sad hour  
I turned away with face of pain and woe,  
And to the window went with footsteps slow,  
My forehead against the chilly window pane.  
I watched the gath'ring night—the falling rain,  
And then I heard the rustle of a gown,—  
It seemed as though an angel had come down,  
When soft upon my arm a hand was laid.  
And then in trembling, sweetest tones which made  
My heart beat wild, as though avoice from Heaven  
Had spoke the words, she said: "Thou art forgiven!"

—E. Carl Litsey.

# GRANT'S VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

A History.

(Drawings and Photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY MIDLAND, 1869.)

## GRANT, SHERMAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

WE may pause here in our narrative to relate a very interesting incident which occurred about this time, illustrating the efforts which the generals at the front were making to prevent the premature publication of army secrets and movements. The newspaper correspondents were recklessly enterprising. They were generally young men who were not burdened with scruples, and whose only ambition was to obtain, in any possible way, news, and secure its publication in advance of all rivals.

One Thomas W. Knox, a correspondent of the New York Herald, published a very severe and reckless article in relation to Sherman's attack on Haine's Bluff and operations on the Yazoo, giving information deemed valuable to the enemy.

When this found its way back to the army, it created general indignation, and called down the special wrath of "Old Tecumseh" Sherman, as the rank and file delighted to call the hardened and brave old soldier. Admiral Porter sent Sherman a copy of the paper containing the article, published under captivating head-lines.

Sherman at once wrote Admiral Porter:

"The spirit of anarchy seems deep at work at the North, more alarming than the batteries that shell us from the opposite shore. I am going to have the correspondent of the New York Herald tried by court-martial as a spy, not that I want the fellow shot, but because I want to establish the principle that such people cannot attend our armies, in violation of orders, and defy us, publishing their garbled statements defaming officers who are doing their best, and giving information to the enemy. You of the Navy can control all who sail under your flag, whilst we of the Army are almost com-

peled to carry along in our midst a class of men who, on government transports usurp the best accommodations on the boats, pick up drop conversations of officers and report their limited and tainted observations as the history of events they neither see nor comprehend."

Knox was arrested, and tried by court-martial. He was found guilty of "giving intelligence to the enemy," and also of "being a spy."

The sentence of the court was:

"And the court does therefore sentence him, Thomas W. Knox, to be sent without the lines of the army, and not to return under penalty of imprisonment."

On this sentence, General Grant indorsed the following:

"Findings and sentence approved, and will be carried into effect."

Of course, Mr. Knox, backed by the Herald, appealed to Mr. Lincoln, and that kind-hearted man, anxious to please the Herald, wrote as follows:

To Whom it May Concern:

Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction that Thomas W. Knox, a correspondent of the New York Herald, has been, by the sentence of a court-martial, excluded from the military department, under command of Major-General Grant; and also that General Thayer, president of the court-martial which rendered the sentence, and Major General McClelland, in command of a corps of that department, and many other respectable persons, are of opinion that Mr. Knox's offense was technical rather than willfully wrong, and that the sentence should be revoked; now, therefore, said sentence is hereby so far revoked as to allow Mr. Knox to return to General Grant's headquarters, and to remain if General Grant shall give his express assent, and to again leave the department if General Grant shall refuse such assent.

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Knox speedily returned to the army before Vicksburg, in triumph, armed with Mr. Lincoln's missive, and sent it to General Grant's headquarters. The General was very indignant, and answered, with some emphasis, as follows:



Thomas W. Knox:

The letter of the President of the United States authorizing you to return to these headquarters. \* \* \* has been shown me. You came here first in positive violation of an order from General Sherman. Because you were not pleased with his treatment of army followers who had violated his orders, you attempted to break down his influence with his command, and to blast his reputation with the public. You made insinuations against his sanity, and said many things which were untrue, and, so far as your letter had influence, calculated to effect the public service unfavorably.

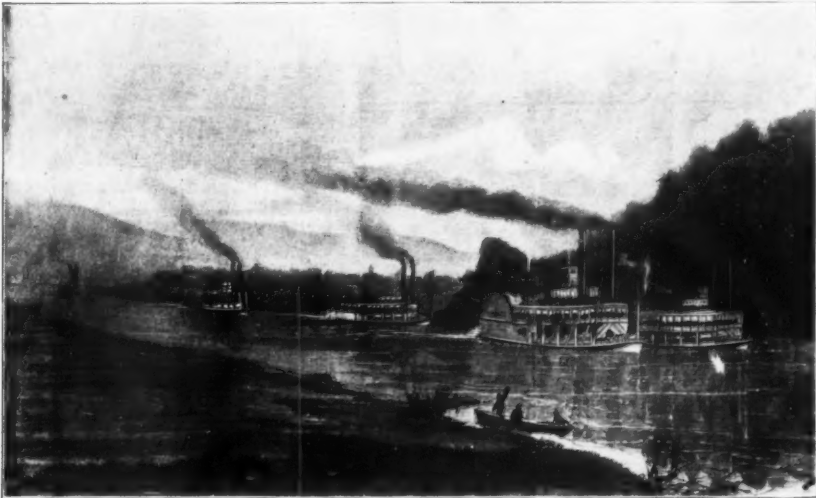
General Sherman is one of the ablest soldiers and purest men in the country. You have attacked him and been sentenced to expulsion for the offense. Whilst I would conform to the slightest wish of the Presi-

ply the public demand for news, true if possible, but false if your interests demanded it, I cannot be privy to a tacit acknowledgement of the principle.

"Come with sword or musket in your hand, prepared to share with us our fate in sunshine and storm, in prosperity and adversity, in plenty and scarcity, and I will welcome you as a brother and associate; but come as you now do, expecting me to ally the reputation and honor of my country and my fellow soldiers with you, as the representative of the press, which you yourself say makes so slight a difference between truth and falsehood, and my answer is, NEVER.

W. T. SHERMAN,  
Major-General Volunteers.

Mr. Knox speedily vanished from the department.



RE-ENFORCEMENTS FOR GRANT AT VICKSBURG, MAY-JUNE, 1863.

dent, where it was formed upon a fair representation of both sides of any question, my respect for General Sherman is such that in this case I must decline, unless General Sherman first gives his consent to your remaining.

U. S. GRANT, Major General.

Mr. Knox sent this and the President's letter to General Sherman, with a written request that he give his consent, to which the emphatic and plain-speaking Sherman promptly replied:

Yours of April 6th, inclosing a copy of President Lincoln's informal decision in your case is received. . . . After having enunciated to me that newspaper correspondents were a fraternity bound together by a common interest that must write down all who stood in their way, and that you had to sup-

In a long letter written by Sherman next day to Mr. Halstead, of Cincinnati, he said in his closing sentence:

"Knox, a strong stalwart man, capable of handling a musket, comes into the camp of a Major-General, publishes a string of falsehoods about him he had never seen or conversed with, . . . declared by this youngster and stranger to be a mere ass, yea, insane! When called on in person to explain his motives: 'Of course, General Sherman, I had no feeling against you personally, but you are regarded the enemy of our set, and we must, in self-defense, write you down.'

"When a court-martial banishes him, the President of the United States . . . sends him back, subject to conditions not dependent on me. The whole 'press' and the sheet, the New York Herald, which he rep-

resents, will appreciate the fact of my humbling myself to its agent, to my tamely submitting to its insults!

"All I propose to say is that Mr. Lincoln and the press may, in the exercise of their glorious prerogative, tear our country and armies to tatters; but they shall not insult me with impunity in my own camp.

### IN SEARCH OF A ROUTE.

Meantime, the work on the canal across the point opposite Vicksburg, which had been begun the previous year by General Williams, progressed with vigor. On personal inspection of this work, General Grant did not think favorably of it. He was a Western man and knew the eccentricities of the Mississippi river. He found the inlet and outlet of the canal were both located in eddies, and the current was not likely to cut the channel to a useful depth and width, but Halleck requested him to push the work on it, saying: "The President attaches much importance to this."

General McPherson pushed the work on the Lake Providence cut with energy, but found the difficulties tremendous.

Not satisfied with these efforts, Grant was advised that it was possible to reach dry land on the east side, north of Vicksburg, by opening the "Yazoo Pass," which left the Mississippi river nearly opposite Helena, and by many labyrinthine curves, and meandering hundreds of miles by the current, finally came into the Yazoo river proper, far north of Vicksburg. River-men of experience favored this. The rivers were all aflood, and most of these bottoms were covered with a mighty sea, only here and there dry patches appearing. Every cut or break in the levees of the Mississippi let a great flood pass out into the country. In cutting levees and banks to let water into the interior to float boats, it left no dry place for the army to operate upon except the decks of the vessels. Grant sent an expedition under General Gorman to try this route. At first it seemed to promise success. It penetrated a long distance through a forest overhanging the narrow bayous. The channels were full of great trees and driftwood, the accumulations of centuries. These had to be sawed or cut and hoisted out of the way. Men waded waist deep along the banks to cut trees and to climb and fasten ropes. Day after day the gallant

fellows, navy and army, combined to advance. Here was a large fleet afloat amid a great forest, feeling for a channel. It was a herculean task, and it was as dangerous as it was difficult. A sudden fall in the river might leave a great fleet of gunboats and transports stranded.

Meantime, Grant was looking after all these schemes; he was writing daily to Hurlbut at Memphis directing operations in all the northern portions of his department. His cavalry had Van Dorn, Chalmers, Forest and the others to fight, and they were all in full activity, each raiding, and sweeping the land with the besom of war. War material was to be provided. The war office to be informed daily, and wants and needs of the army made known, reinforcements called in and concentrated.

On the 15th of February, General Gorman reported from the Yazoo Pass expedition: "I have been steadily engaged for more than ten days cutting through the drift in Yazoo Pass. Two thousand men are at it now. The enemy is some distance ahead of us, with two guns on a boat to look out for us. . . . The obstacles become more and more formidable. I am yet fearing that boats as large as the gunboats are will not be able to pass through. The scouts I sent report unfavorably to taking boats through."

But still they persevered.

On the 1st of March, General McPherson reported to General Grant from Lake Providence of his operations there:

"The work of clearing Bayou Macon is much greater than I was led to believe from the engineer's report. The recent heavy rains have raised the waters in the lake and bayou from two to three feet, overflowing a considerable of the low country, and making it exceedingly difficult for the working parties to get along. . . . Unless the water in Bayou Baxter falls very soon I shall cut the levee here and let the water in to fill the lake and bayou, so that we can move in the steam capstan to haul out logs, snags, etc. The trees will, of course, have to be sawed off under water. The water may not rise high enough to float the steamboats over the stumps."

Uncertain whether the canal in front of Vicksburg would afford a passage, or whether either the Lake Providence or

the Yazoo Pass expeditions would be successes or failures, Grant's mind was turned to a fourth possibility, namely, getting across from the Mississippi and striking the Yazoo river below Yazoo City and above the batteries and raft at Haine's Bluff. He wrote General Halleck, saying:

"But for the intolerable rains which have filled the swamps and bayous so that they cannot dry up again before summer, a landing might be effected . . . and roads constructed through the bottoms to the Yazoo above the raft

river while attacking a battery, and had to be abandoned without being destroyed, and the Confederates soon had it afloat. About the same time, the powerful iron-clad gunboat *Indianola* ran the batteries, intending to join the *Queen of the West*; but while it was proceeding down the river with that intention it was suddenly attacked by the *Queen of the West* in Confederate hands and the ram *Webb*, and sunk. This again left the lower river in Confederate control, with two very powerful gunboats, and some others of lighter character. The *Queen of the*



CONFEDERATE DEFENSIVE EARTHWORKS AT VICKSBURG.  
*Near the point of surrender, as they remained thirty-three years after.*

or Haine's Bluff, and the enemy's works turned from that point. Once back of the entrenchments on the crest of the bluffs, the enemy would be compelled to come out and give us an open field fight or submit to having all his communications cut and be left to starve out."

Pending these efforts of Grant, Colonel Ellet ran the powerful ram and gunboat *Queen of the West* past the Vicksburg batteries, and captured three Confederate steamers below. It actively patrolled the river and cut off Vicksburg supplies by the lower river. Ten days later it incautiously ran aground in Red

West came saucily up to the lower Vicksburg batteries carrying the Confederate flag.

When this was reported to Admiral Porter he was alarmed, for his rams were all up the river. He instantly sent this order to Colonel Ellet, of the ram fleet:

Return here without a moment's delay. The *Queen* is up at Warrenton. Heavy firing last night below here. The presumption is that the *Indianola* is sunk or captured. Hurry down. Wait for nothing. We have nothing to meet the Ram. Bring the *Monarch* also if she is within hail, but do not wait for anything.

DAVID D. PORTER.

Ellet's rams immediately joined Por-

ter's fleet of ironclads above Vicksburg, and awaited the Queen, but that vessel discreetly remained below. The Indianola was only partially sunk, and work was in progress by the Confederates to raise her, when an amusing incident occurred which had momentous consequences. Some of Porter's sailors fitted up an old barge with imitation smokestacks, monitor-turrets, port-holes etc. and sent it adrift in the night. It floated noiselessly past the batteries, and when discovered, the heavens were lighted up with discharges from the guns for miles along Vicksburg front. It had all the appearance in the night, of a huge monitor, and great was the alarm. The Queen cut loose from her moorings and ran with all speed fifty miles back into Red river. A message was hastened to the men in charge of the Indianola to blow her up before the "monitor" would recapture her, and this was done! Meantime the "Monitor," a poor old hulk of an innocent and peaceful barge, was shot to pieces by the batteries, and after its "last battle," laden with many curses, unsung, but not forgotten, sank to rise no more!

Plans were devised for sending other boats to control the river below Vicksburg and cut off the enemy's communications and supplies in that direction. A few days later Commodore Farragut ran past Port Hudson and appeared below Vicksburg with his flagship, the Hartford, thus opening communications between Grant and Banks, whose armies were yet more than 150 miles apart.

The most energetic efforts to cut through into Red River by way of Lake Providence continued under the active and resourceful McPherson; the Yazoo Pass expedition labored with many vicissitudes and delays, under Wilson and General Ross. Nothing that skill and genius could invent was left untried; but the natural obstacles, amidst a world of waters, torrents of rain and flood, were too great for human power to overcome.

Admiral Porter suggested another possible way of reaching dry land on the east side. Grant resolved to try it. On the 16th of March he directed General Sherman to "proceed as early as possible up Steele's Bayou and through Black Bayou to Deer Creek, and thence with the gunboats now there, by any route

they may take to get into Yazoo River, for the purpose of determining the feasibility of getting an army through that route to the east bank of that river, and at a point at which they can act advantageously against Vicksburg."

The great rise in the river and the phenomenal down-pour of rain left but few dry patches of ground for the army encampments between Memphis and Vicksburg except on the levees or embankments. The river swept majestically along five to ten feet higher than the water inside the levees, and numerous crevasses or breaks allowed the waters to rush through with terrific power, fast covering the whole vast interior.

At this time Grant wrote to General Banks telling him some of the difficulties and perplexities of the situation.

"The continuous high water and the nature of the country," he said, "almost preclude the possibility to land a force on the east bank of the Mississippi anywhere above Vicksburg.

"It is exceedingly doubtful if the canal can be made of any practical use, even if completed. \* \* \*

Soon after taking command here, I conceived the idea of getting possession of the Yazoo River by way of Moon Lake and Yazoo Pass. Five gun-boats were furnished for this expedition and I sent a division of troops. This enterprise at first promised most fairly. The last I heard from this force they were at Greenwood, and had abandoned all hope of getting past obstructions until they got more appliances.

"Admiral Porter, with five gunboats, and Major-General Sherman, with a division of troops, are now attempting to get into Yazoo by the way of Steele's Bayou. . . . I fear a failure in getting farther than Deer Creek. . . . The best aid you can give me, if you cannot pass Port Hudson, will be to hold as many of the enemy there as possible."

To Halleck he wrote: "The work of getting through Lake Providence and Bayou Macon, there is but little possibility of proving successful. The flat is filled to the depth of several feet with water, thus making the work of clearing out the timber exceedingly slow, and rendering it impracticable to make an artificial channel."

Of the Steele's Bayou expedition and the impracticable character of the country, General Sherman wrote Grant from the depths of the sea-forest, saying:

"Deer Creek is not as large, nor has it as much current as I expected, but the water is deep and narrow. The iron-clads push their way along unharmed, but the trees and overhanging limbs tear the wooden boats all to pieces. The men were at work today, but most of the time were engaged in collecting rafts whereon to stand whilst cutting trees. I don't think any boat can as yet come

character of the country in which they were operating and the difficulties encountered. He said: "Black Bayou is narrow, crooked and filled with trees, but the iron-clads force their way through, pushing aside the bushes and trees, but the transports could not follow.

"On Tuesday, in a tug, I reconnoitred up Steele's Bayou to see if I could reach Rolling Fork by that route, but found it utterly impracticable for a small tug, much less a transport. All the country on both sides was deep under water. I next examined the left fork. The bridge is swept away and the road deep under water. Indeed all the country bordering Steele's Bayou is submerged swamp.

"The admiral is concerned for the safety of his gunboats, and with propriety. The Bayous are full of willow bushes, driftwood, and overhanging trees. The iron-clads move like snails, but with great power, forcing all saplings and bushes and drift aside, but the channel is useless to us as a military way."

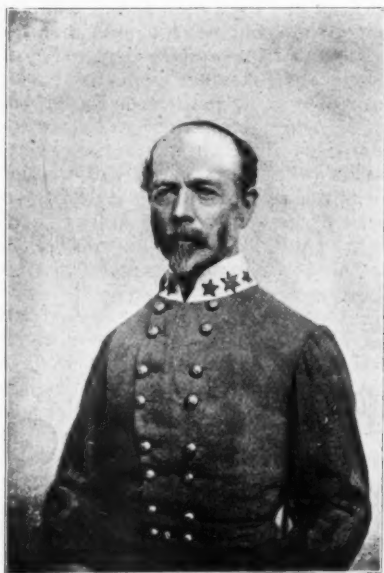
The reader will perceive that the natural difficulties of these routes, with the floods added, made a successful approach from above to the enemy's fortified position impossible. Grant, therefore, issued orders to Sherman, in Steele's Bayou, to McPherson, at Lake Providence, and to Ross, and Wilson, at Yazoo Pass, all of whom had been floating around and wading through the swamps for weeks, to withdraw and return to the Mississippi River.

To Sherman, Grant wrote on March 22nd.:

"As soon as the Admiral can get his gunboats back for service, I will concentrate all my forces and make a strike."

Nearly two months had been thus consumed in these fruitless efforts, this unequal fight with the forces of Nature. The enemy was beyond his reach, perched high up in his aerie on the inaccessible bluffs bristling with guns, and flanked by impassable sloughs and swamps. There was dry land only in the rear of the coveted stronghold, and how could that be reached?

The work which Grant and his army did during these two months of weary struggling in storm and flood, with but little dry land anywhere to rest upon, was prodigious. If any one of the routes



GEN. JOS. E. JOHNSTON.

*By permission of the War Department.*

through this Black Bayou, but I will push the work.

"There is no high land here, nor is the route practicable for troops, unless the Admiral cleans out the Yazoo and secures the mouth of Deer Creek, when I might use Deer Creek as a diverting force. The main attack on Haine's Bluff must be in larger boats, directly up the main Yazoo. I don't think we can make a lodgement on this route on account of the difficulties of navigation."

Again on March 21st. Sherman reported to Grant, in his own graphic way, the



sought to be opened had been found practicable, success were achieved; but natural conditions far more than the armed enemy, interposed. Grant had an army of 50,000 men south of Memphis. The force was ample. The men were brave, courageous and enterprising, but they were not amphibious. They must have something beside endless seas to walk upon. Its organization was perfected day by day, while waiting. Grant kept his eyes on every detail, and saw that nothing was neglected to make it effective. He found the army, at first, greatly depressed in spirit, and discouraged by storms and flood, by mud, by the worst possible environments. These conditions brought much suffering and sickness. Then, too, American soldiers will think. They all discussed the problems before them, and they could see no way to get at the enemy in Vicksburg. All this brought general discouragement. But Grant hastened better supplies, better care for the sick, better camp arrangements, and the condition and health of the army speedily improved. Spirits revived, and, though the men could not see how it was to be done, they were all ready to swear that Grant knew, "and he would get 'em."

Could a man be confronted with a more perplexing problem? The War Records abound in evidence of his activity. The whole country north to Cairo was under his command. Eastern Arkansas had been added. Campaigning throughout all that territory was constantly in progress, and his eye had to be upon it all. A score or more of communications and orders each day on all manner of subjects, to all parts of his command, fill the war archives with proof of his care and watchfulness. St. Paul's "care of all the churches," surely little compared with the cares and burdens of Grant at this time. It would seem that the elements and the environments rendered his task impossible of performance.

Behind him throughout the North, clamors were raised about his slowness. The newspapers fed the fire of discontent and declared that Grant was destitute of military genius and energy. His persistency was held to be dogged obstinacy, and his patience, sluggish dullness. These prophets of evil busied themselves

in selecting his successor in command. The political generals were busy. Their respective friends would have McClelland, Hunter, Fremont, McClellan. The President was beset clamorously, but the good man listened, shook his head, told a story now and then to turn aside wrath, and declared, "I rather like the man; I think we'll try him a little longer."

To all this, Grant opened not his mouth, content to let results, if they might, justify him. He said afterwards:

"I took no steps to answer these complaints but continued to do my duty, as I understood it, to the best of my ability."

Halleck had been kind and gracious to Grant of late, but he, too, was made to feel the pressure, and he wrote Grant, saying: "The President seems to be rather impatient about matters on the Mississippi." And again, later: "You are too well advised of the anxiety of the government for your success, and its disappointment at the delay, to render it necessary to urge upon you the importance of early action. I am confident that you will do everything possible to open the Mississippi River."

But Grant frittered away no moment of time. While his army was once more being concentrated as near as it could be afloat, and on the limited bits of dry land above universal flood, he and Sherman and Porter made another careful reconnaissance up the Yazoo to Haine's Bluff and decided that the swampy and overflowed nature of the ground in front of the bluffs, and the insuperable difficulties of crossing this space and reaching dry ground, made a successful assault of the works from that quarter impossible.

#### WHAT THE CONFEDERATES WERE DOING.

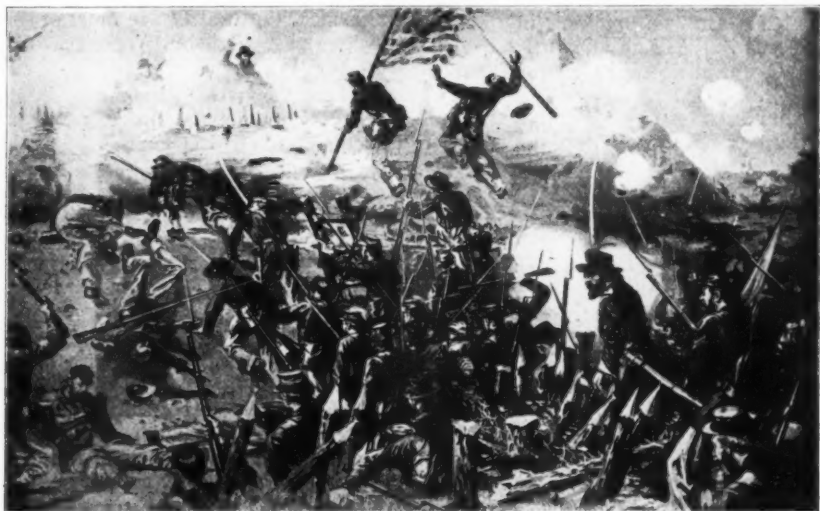
General Joseph E. Johnston was in chief command of the entire Confederate Western Department, but was with Bragg, in front of Roscrans in Eastern middle Tennessee. General Pemberton was in command of the state of Mississippi, immediately confronting Grant, and had under him as division commanders, Generals Loring, Bowen, and Stevenson, all of them very able, active, energetic soldiers. Stevenson was in command at Vicksburg; Loring to the north, with Yazoo City as a center; Bowen to the



south, with Port Gibson and Grand Gulf as headquarters. Pemberton's headquarters were at Jackson, a central strategic point in the rear, from which all points in his command could be most readily reached. Pemberton, though unfortunate, was an educated soldier, of good ability, and very watchful and energetic. The Confederate War Records abundantly testify to his great activity, and to the ability with which he defended his territory. He was diligent in procuring reinforcements and supplies for his army from every quarter. Day and night work progressed on fortifications at Yazoo

Forces hurriedly moved to that point would suddenly find that Yazoo City was the point menaced. Then in a few days, Haine's Bluff seemed to be in danger of attack, and that point would be reinforced. Thus during these two months of February and March, Pemberton's forces were worn and harassed by Grant's feints, menaces and demonstrations on different parts of his lines.

Early in March President Davis made anxious inquiries as to Grant's chances of getting "through the Bayous and making a lodgement on the Yazoo," "of raising the Indianola." "Do your guns prove



SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.  
*Assault on Fort Hill.*

City, Greenwood, Haine's Bluff, Vicksburg, Warrenton, Grand Gulf and Port Gibson,—every foot of his front where there was accessible dry land for an opposing army to stand upon, or water on which a gunboat could float, was covered with defensive works and with guns. During all these preliminary explorations and experiments of Grant to find an assailable point, Pemberton's army was kept on the run. Sometimes they were sure Grant was about assaulting Vicksburg in front, then reinforcements were hurried thither. Scarcely were they at their destination when an alarm would come from the far north at Greenwood.

effective against working parties and dredging machines on the canal?"

On March 23rd. General Johnston asked Pemberton, from Tullahoma, "Might not transports, after the canal is finished, attempt to pass the batteries at night? I should think it might not be impracticable.

"Would it not be practicable to capture the two Federal vessels which passed Port Hudson? (under Farragut.). Have we boats enough for the attempt? If so, it would be well to make it. I have no apprehension for Port Hudson from Banks. The only fear is, that the canal may enable Grant to unite their forces. I

believe that your arrangements at Vicksburg make it perfectly safe."

The returns in the Confederate War Records show Pemberton's strength on March 31st. was 82,000 men, 61,000 of whom were effective and present for duty.

Occasionally the Confederate officers made some remarkably good guesses as to the Federal intentions. On March 24th., General Stevenson wrote from Vicksburg to General Pemberton: "The two Federal gunboats from below are still here. I think Farragut is waiting for an interview with Porter, with the view of running some of his iron-clads past."

Still they were confused by the demonstrations Grant was making in the Yazoo country. As late as April 1st. General Stevenson notified General Pemberton:

"I have reason to believe that the enemy are trying to get into upper Deer Creek and the Sunflower. They are gathering all boats they can under 200 feet in length to bring a large force down the Yazoo Pass to flank General Loring."

General Bowen reported from Grand Gulf: "I have built one furnace for heating shot, and have another under construction."

Pemberton reported that: "A demonstration is now being made in large force by the enemy at Hard Times." This was forty miles south of Vicksburg, on the Louisiana side. At the same time he reported that the northern part of his district was being overrun and devastated by Grant's cavalry working down from Memphis and Corinth. Thus, wherever he turned, he had no rest night or day, but Grant's forces, ashore and afloat, were ready to pounce upon him.

But here again, a gleam of light came to the much harassed enemy; for General Chalmers reported to Pemberton that: "Enemy fallen back to Memphis. All steamboats at Memphis impressed and sent below empty; rumor says, to send Grant to Tennessee."

Pemberton to Johnston in Tennessee: "Seventeen car-loads of troops said to have passed from Memphis on the railroad. Large quantities of commissary stores being carried up the river."

This was a vain and illusive hope.

## GRANT CONFRONTED BY A MIGHTY PROBLEM.

Grant was making no retrograde movement. Whatever moves he made that justified these reports, were feints to deceive and mislead the enemy.

Amid all the previous discouragements Grant said:

There is nothing to be done but *go forward to a decided victory*. This has been in my mind from the moment I took command in person at Young's Point.

Baffled thus far by insurmountable natural conditions, but not discouraged, Grant lost no time in vain repining, and made no excuses or apologies. He turned his face southward. He must in some way get past Vicksburg and reach dry land.

At first, he wrote Farragut, March 23rd.: "I can send 20,000 effective men to cooperate with General Banks on Port Hudson. This force certainly would easily reduce Port Hudson and enable them to come on up the river and maintain a position on high land near enough to Vicksburg until they could be sufficiently reinforced from here to operate against the city."

He advanced McClernand some distance south on the west bank of the river, and reconnoitered the country farther south and the numerous Bayous that run parallel with the river some distance interior, to determine the practicability of moving his army and supplies on this route to a point below the enemy's batteries and where a crossing might be effected.

Mr. Lincoln's anxiety increased under the pressure upon him. There was no telegraph nearer to Grant than Memphis; and he telegraphed General Hurlbut on March 25, asking:

"What news have you? What from Vicksburg? What from Yazoo Pass? What from Lake Providence? What generally? A. Lincoln."

Hurlbut answered:

"Sherman is in Steele's Bayou; two divisions in Yazoo Pass; about 900 square miles in upper Louisiana under water."

"On March 25th. Grant wrote to Halleck: "General Ellet sent two rams, the Switzerland and the Lancaster, to join Admiral Farragut. The last named ram

received a shot in the boiler. She floated down, however, without receiving further injury. She will be ready for service before tomorrow night and is a fine vessel. The other received a shot and went to pieces."

Work of accumulating material and concentrating his forces went steadily on; and on April 2nd. he wrote General Halleck: "With present high water the extent of ground upon which troops could land at Haine's Bluff is so limited that the place is impregnable. I reconnoitered the place again yesterday. In two weeks I expect to be able to collect all my forces and turn the enemy's left."

It will not be forgotten that all Grant's movements to reach Vicksburg hitherto were in strict accord with recognized military rules; first, in November and December, he moved south from Corinth on the line of railway, holding fast to his base at the point of departure; and secondly, attempting to reach it from the river through Bayous and creeks on the east side above Vicksburg, holding fast to his "base" on the river. The Lake Providence route by which he hoped to send an army to General Banks had been found impracticable, and it was not until all possible orthodox-military plans had been tried and failed, that he broke away, and determined to resort to a radical departure from recognized rules of military science, and assume a great risk to accomplish a great object. He knew he had a great army; not great in numbers, but great in purpose, in determination and in organic power. His country was in imminent peril and he must strike.

And now, here stood our young General, inspired by a great cause, a burning purpose, and an unconquerable determination. Vicksburg must fall. The great river must go "unvexed to the sea." These feelings and conditions gave birth to the new plan of campaign which was destined to end in success.

It was at this supreme moment, when Grant was opposed by all in whose good judgment he most trusted, on whose allegiance he most relied; and he stood alone, self-poised, firm and unshaken of purpose, inspired by a great idea; that his strength and nobility of character, and the greatness of his genius, shine

forth and challenge our admiration. Figuratively speaking, he seized the banner of a lost cause, held it aloft, and led his host on to triumphant victory.

### THE BIRTH OF A GREAT IDEA.

With the birth of the new plan of campaign, Grant gave no sign of undue elation. Those about him saw that he moved a little quicker; but his dispatches and orders were as methodical, as modest and plain in style as if nothing new had entered his life. Here is the first official expression which Grant gave to his new plan:



JOS. B. M'PHERSON.

Before Vicksburg, March 29, 1863.  
Admiral D. D. Porter:

I am about accupying New Carthage with troops and opening the Bayous from here to that place, sufficiently for the passage of flats, a number of which I have ordered from St. Louis. With this passage open, I can run the blockade with light steamers sufficient to land troops with the aid of flats, either at Grand Gulf or Warrenton, whichever seems most promising. . . . It seems to me, Admiral, as a matter of vast importance that one or two gunboats should be put below Vicksburg, both to cut off the enemy's intercourse with the west bank of the river entirely and to insure a landing on the east bank for our forces, if wanted.

Will you be good enough, Admiral, to give this your early consideration, and let me know your determination? Without aid of gunboats it will hardly be worth while to send

troops to New Carthage, or to open the interior passage from here. Preparatory surveys for doing this are now being made.

U. S. GRANT.

There was not a moment's hesitation by the energetic and ready Porter. Within five minutes from the time Grant's messenger handed him the foregoing request, he was seated writing the following answer.

United States Mississippi Squadron,  
Yazoo River, March 29, 1863.

Major-General U. S. Grant:

General—I am ready to co-operate with you in the matter of landing troops on the other side, but you must recollect that, when these gunboats once go below, we give up all hopes of ever getting them up again. If it is your intention to occupy Grand Gulf in force, it will be necessary to have vessels there to protect the troops, or quiet the fortifications now there. If I do send vessels below it will be the best I have, and there will be nothing left to attack Hayne's Bluff, in case it should be deemed necessary to try it. It will require some little preparation to send these vessels below. I will come over and see you. Before making a gunboat move, I would like to get the vessels back from the Yazoo Pass expedition.

Very truly yours,

DAVID D. PORTER.

Grant and Porter were warmly attached. They had the utmost confidence in each other, and their co-operation was at all times most cordial. Grant said, a few days later: "I am happy to say the Admiral and myself have never yet disagreed about any policy."

The two met immediately, discussed the whole scheme in all its probable bearings, and from that moment this momentous move took on definite form, and preparations were pushed with energetic deliberation. Porter ordered down the portion of his fleet engaged in the Yazoo Pass expedition, and began to prepare his vessels for the ordeal of running the batteries. Barges were selected, cotton and hay-bales were secured; barges laden with coal, and all protected as fully as possible by these bales, and sacks of corn.

Grant's new plan was not disclosed to anyone but Porter, although he instantly, upon Porter's acquiescence in his plan, issued orders putting thousands of men at work in preparations, opening channels into the interior Louisiana bayous, beyond the reach of the enemy's batteries, removing obstructions, loading and mov-

ing barges, flats, tugs and light boats laden with ammunition and supplies—all moving with regularity but with utmost dispatch down through the crooked channels towards the converging point 30 or 40 miles below at New Carthage. The river soon began falling and these channels were of less value than expected; but as the water receded, roads emerged from beneath the flood, but were mere quagmires; in and through which the army labored and struggled southward day after day. The change was from a "world of water" to a "wilderness of mud," and through this, artillery and wagon-trains were hauled, pried, pushed, lifted, and forced along by an army of 20,000 determined men.

General McClelland's Corps was ordered forward to New Carthage on the 29th of March, and they bridged and corduroyed several miles of the route, working and marching much of the time knee deep in water and mud, without protest or murmur. The troops all felt that though they were not on dry land, they were not altogether afloat as they had been much of the time the last two months, and there was now a prospect that they would soon be again on solid ground, where they could meet the enemy on equal terms. The head of McClelland's column emerged at New Carthage on April 6th.

Grant's plans for moving past Vicksburg were not only well matured, but the work of preparation was also thoroughly under way, and much progress made, before he informed General Halleck of his intentions. He knew that before Halleck could reach him with any reply, if unfavorable, his campaign, if prosperous, would have progressed beyond recall. On the 4th of April he wrote Halleck one of the most minute and circumstantial reports to be found amongst all his dispatches. More than half of it covers his cavalry and other operations in Northern Mississippi under Hurlbut. These were very active and very extensive, and were a constant draft on Grant's time and attention. All these were explained before he ventured to discuss what most absorbed his thoughts. Readers will not complain if I quote the portion of this dispatch which first revealed to any one except Admiral Porter, his

new plan of campaign. He said to Halleck:

"A reconnaissance to Haine's Bluff demonstrates the impracticability of attacking that place during the present stage of water. \* \* \* With the present batteries of the enemy, the canal across the point can be of but little use. There is a system of bayous running from Milliken's Bend, and also from near the river at this point that are navigable by way of Richmond to New Carthage. The dredges are now at work cutting channels into these bayous. I am having all the empty coal and other barges prepared for carrying troops and artillery. \* \* \* With them it would be easy to carry supplies to New Carthage and any point south of that.

"My expectation is, for some of the naval fleet to run the batteries of Vicksburg, whilst the army moves through by this new route. Once there, I will move to Warrenton or Grand Gulf, probably the latter. From either of these points there are good roads to *Jackson and the Black River bridge*, without crossing Black River.

*"This is the only move I now see practicable, and I hope it will meet your approval."* I will keep my army together, and see to it that I am not cut off from my supplies, or beat in any other way than a fair fight. The discipline and health of this army is now good, and I am satisfied the greatest confidence of success prevails."

Two days prior to this, he had written a second letter to Porter on the subject of running his vessels past Vicksburg batteries. He said:

"I have sent troops through from Milliken's Bend to New Carthage, to garrison and hold the whole route. At Richmond a number of boats were captured, which can aid in carrying subsistence from that point to New Carthage, and can be also used for ferrying intermediate bayous. I have a large force working on a canal from the river to Willow

Bayou, and in clearing the latter out. I have empty barges here to be fitted up for transportation of troops and artillery. To-morrow I shall have work commenced to prepare at least six steamers to run the blockade.

"Having, then, fully determined upon operating from New Carthage, either by way of Grand Gulf or Warrenton, I am of the same opinion as when I addressed you a few days since, that is, that it is important to prevent the enemy from further fortifying either of these places.

"I would, Admiral, therefore renew my request to prepare for running the blockade at as early a day as possible. I will be over to see you."

Halleck's changed attitude to Grant was now most kind and considerate, and he no longer incumbered him with arbitrary directions, but only made suggestions, which might, or might not, be followed as Grant's judgment should dictate; so he was henceforth a comparatively free man.

Admiral Porter now began the preparation of his vessels, and of the transports and barges which were to run the blockade with him.

General McPherson was pushing on South after McClernand. Sherman as yet was kept in front of Vicksburg and along the river front for many miles.

While all this was in progress, Grant managed to vary the camp gossip, for the benefit of spies who were always prowling in and around camp, so as to get abroad the impression, one day, that he was preparing to attack Haine's Bluff; next day, that he would attack Vicksburg in front; then that he was going to move to Rosecrans; again that he would move around by Memphis and down through the interior on solid ground; and still again that McClernand was on his way South to Natchez and to Banks. He kept his fleet of transports moving up and down the river, to and from Memphis, Yazoo Pass, Helena and Lake Providence, carrying his supplies and moving troops; and he put in motion all his cavalry and other forces to the north of Vicksburg having their base at Corinth and Memphis, and in this way the Confederate generals were greatly confused and mystified as to his intentions.

On the 7th of April General Pember-

\*The italics are the author's, and they emphasize how completely the plan of campaign which Grant pursued was now matured. He had purposed sending a corps to Banks, but it is clear that he had now abandoned that intention, and meant to move to the rear of Vicksburg.



ton telegraphed to General Loring, near Yazoo City, saying:

"There is reason to believe it is intended to attack Vicksburg in front. You must send a strong brigade to Stephenson (at Vicksburg) at once. Assist him all you can. J. C. PEMBERTON."

On the same day (April 7th) General Chalmers telegraphed from the northern part of the State to General Pemberton, saying:

"I have received news from two sources (spies) from Memphis that Grant is about to attack Vicksburg in front, and that he will pretend to retreat."

The same day General Bowen telegraphed from Grand Gulf:

"News from Lake Saint Joseph up to 7 a. m. states that citizens report General McClelland with 15,000 men at Richmond, La., en route to Natchez. Colonel Cockrell\* has three regiments, a section of artillery and strong position.

"JNO. S. BOWEN."

Next day (8) General Chalmers telegraphed: "Enemy advancing on Herando."

General Falkner telegraphed: "Enemy at Fletcher's. I will fight if I think I can whip them."

On April 10th General Pemberton telegraphed to Adjutant General Cooper at Richmond, Va.:

"If Rosecrans is being reinforced by Grant, I can spare some infantry, but need more cavalry for Northern Mississippi. J. C. PEMBERTON."

To Joseph E. Johnston, Pemberton telegraphed: "Enemy's force at Memphis 7,000. It is said that all force down the Mississippi River are to be brought up to Memphis to make a grand military depot at Memphis."

Again, on the 11th, Pemberton telegraphed to War Department:

"Reliable report from mouth of Coldwater says fifty-three steamboats passed up the Mississippi River up to 9 p. m. yesterday. I think most of Grant's forces are being withdrawn to Memphis."

On April 11th General Stevenson tele-

\*This Colonel Cockrell, afterwards promoted General, is now, and has been for many years, the Senior United States Senator from Missouri. He was one of the bravest officers in the Southern Army, and has made a most valuable Senator, loved and esteemed by all parties.

graphed from Vicksburg to General Pemberton:

"There is a belief that the enemy's entire failures on the flank have reduced them to a direct attack or abandonment of their expedition."

To which Pemberton replied:

"My information indicates that the enemy is moving up to Memphis."

On April 12th, Colonel Falkner telegraphed to General Johnston: "Report is that 20,000 troops passed up day before yesterday from Vicksburg, to reinforce Rosecrans."

This alarmed Johnston, in front of Rosecrans at Tullahoma, and on the 13th he wired Pemberton: "Send troops immediately, and prepare more troops for movement."

Pemberton answered: "I forward about 8,000 men. Am satisfied Rosecrans will be reinforced from Grant's army."

As late as the 15th of April, General Pemberton telegraphed General Buckner at Mobile:

"I am sending troops to General Johnston, being satisfied that a large portion of Grant's army is reinforcing Rosecrans."

The next day (16) he telegraphed Johnston:

"I can send you only two brigades at present. Last information induces the belief that no large part of Grant's army will be sent away."

Scarcely had this message passed over the wires when Pemberton sent to Johnston the following:

"Reports reach me from the front that enemy are sending more troops down to assault Vicksburg!"

Thus this game of misleading the enemy—this rapid dance of war—went on. During all this time, Grant was never for one moment turned aside or diverted from the one inexorable purpose of pushing his whole army past the stubbornly defended stronghold, and gaining a lodgement in its rear, or perish in the attempt.

From the moment he found that all other schemes failed, every energy of his mind, every purpose of his heart, was concentrated upon this one supreme object.



## TAMPA, FLORIDA.

BY CAPT. E. R. HUTCHINS, C. S., U. S. V.

WE sailed up to the old town of Tampa, which we found rather a neat village, with some pretty residences, surrounded by orange groves. The barracks consisted of a number of well arranged and commodious buildings, models of neatness and good order. The grounds are tastefully laid out, with well-kept parade ground, lawns, and drives, and magnificent water-oaks



A FLORIDA OAK.

and other shade trees, rivaling our best parks in beauty and attractiveness. Several companies of artillery are stationed here." Thus wrote Dr. Henshall, an "angler, sportsman, yachtsman, naturalist, and physician" (and withal a fascinating writer) in 1884. Tampa has changed most marvellously since the Doctor wrote as above. It is no longer a "neat village", but a prosperous city of sixteen thousand inhabitants, and with the city of "Fort Brook," and that of West Tampa, two suburban cities, under different municipal governments, and having within their limits six thousand more people. "Some pretty residences" have changed to many handsome ones, and the "orange groves" have largely disappeared. Here and there are remnants of them. A few trees in a front yard—perhaps twenty or thirty at another place,—but the real grove identity has been lost.

The "barracks" have disappeared, and the "tastefully laid out grounds" at the garrison are features to be thought of but not to be seen. The fine "water-oaks" are here, just where they were in 1884, but grown more stately and hence more beautiful, and the moss hangs in great clusters, beautiful and weird, notwithstanding it is a parasite and is slowly killing the trees which so generously nurse them. The "companies of artillery" have long since gone. Some officers who were in the "long ago" at Tampa have become famous. Colonel Monroe was first in command of the garrison. He is dead now, but while at Tampa, he was the high spirited commander and is remembered, always favorably by the old settlers. Meade and Hancock were here—not as the general in command at Gettysburg, not as the valiant general and candidate for President, but as officers, Captains doing their duty. Scott was here also, General Scott, afterwards the General of the Army and candidate for President of the United States. Hartsuff was here too. He lost some men by the treachery of the Indians, and nearly lost his own life. For nearly a day, down



THE OLD GARRISON—OFFICERS' HEADQUARTERS.

on the Caloosahatchee he laid in the marsh, only raising his head a wee bit, and only as he tried to escape from the brutes. It was there he had his arm shot so badly,

and became at once a wounded soldier. And though wounded he was just as loyal and brave as all American soldiers are, midst clouds of defeat, or sunshine of victory.

But Tampa now is not the Tampa of then. It has become during the last war, a historical point in the "War with Spain." 'Twas a marvellous place for embarkation during the heated months of May and June, 1898. 'Twas the rallying point of brave men and brave officers. The men—so called—were as anxious to fight, as were the generals, and all without jealousy or envy. Everyone who followed "old glory" was anxious to fight for it ..

General Miles and Shafter based their operations for Cuba here. The War with Spain made such corrals necessary, and this with depots for both the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments exceeded the expectations of the residents of Tampa, including those who had in a measure become somewhat familiar with war necessities. Meade, Vincent, Hancock, Monroe, and others, who camped here in the "forties" and "fifties" little dreamed of the importance of Tampa for war purposes. The "oaks" live—the old "Carew House", where these old officers sat at mess, are still there, but that's about all in this location to remind one of those days. The "beautiful lawns" are now sand beds, and the former picturesque beauty has become thoroughly practical. Three or four thousand horses and mules, with all sorts of army wagons, from the old mule team of the ambulance, the Daugherty wagon, and still later the indescribable low wheel cart, have occupied a greater territory than was dreamed of in the old garrison.

Some idea of the growth of Tampa can be gained from the illustrations accompanying this article.

In the First National Bank building are the headquarters of the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments of the Army. They have occupied the third and fourth story rooms respectively all through this war. How different from the old garrison! A new generation has come to the front; Meade and Hancock are dead.. Miles and Shafter have taken their places, and here too in Tampa. The stray but brutal shot of an Indian then

led a few brave soldiers of the army to fight in the skirmish line perchance; a few months ago the army of both Regulars and Volunteers, standing with fixed bayonets for the government's integrity, and it's honor in camp of course, but almost wild to face the enemy in Cuba, and its great generals occupying rooms as headquarters in one of the most magnificent hotels in the country. This surely is a marvellous progression. The Tampa Bay Hotel (Headquarters) is absolutely fireproof, made of brick and steel. Its surroundings, of semi-tropical bloom and beauty and sparkling water are unsurpassed. The interior of the hotel is of princely character. No money has been spared to make the hotel one of



A FLORIDA PALM.

the best in America. The salon has within its walls two lamps from the World's Fair in the "White City," which cost three thousand dollars; two tables used by the first Napoleon; a divan from Maria Theresa's own palace; five or six divans of old Spanish history, inlaid with ivory and pearl, and scores of beautiful chairs, other divans, pictures, vases, and ideal pieces of furniture, any of which a prince of across the sea, or a multimillionaire, whose daughter might wish to marry a count, would envy.

Better than all is the hotel's splendid management.. Col. A. E. Dick is the host; and a more genial, dignified, ideal one is not to be found, and his wife is a most charming woman. No one ever meets either the Colonel or Mrs. Dick

without being anxious to meet them again.

This is the hotel of which the versatile and delightful Richard Harding Davis wrote of the "Rocking Chair Period." This was the hotel of which he said "it was like a Turkish harem with the oc-



THE FERRIS HOUSE.

cupants left out." Here were not only quartered Generals Miles and Shafter; but the philanthropic Christian General, Howard, preaching and praying with his always intense devotion. General Fitzhugh Lee, once a Confederate, a Union soldier now, and none braver and more loyal; and dear General "Joe" Wheeler, the typical Southern chivalrous gentleman, and brave as a lion. How marvelous the transformation from 1842 to 1899! This hotel from day to day, from early dawn until the wee small hours, from May until July, was the scenes of ceaseless military activity.

But with the charm of the old hotel with its recent history, I am forgetting Tampa itself. From the old Tampa, there has sprung a new one. Two trunk lines of railroads, the Florida Central and Peninsula, and the Savannah, Florida and Western (Plant System) are sending their long lines of passenger and freight trains with their screeching engines into the new Tampa. Two daily newspapers are here now; three ice factories with a product of one hundred and forty tons daily; five or six large wholesale houses are here doing business for a very large area of territory. The city under its efficient Mayor, Bower, is trying to have the streets paved. The coun-

cil are doing their best. The Board of Public Works is doing its best also, but the old story of "*Mañana*" is prevalent still in this city. It always is "to-morrow," "to-morrow." Bye and bye the streets of Tampa will be paved, and the drives so long needed will become realities.

There were many storehouses here during the concentration of troops, but all were rented save one. This the government built on leased ground. In it, millions of rations, the best any government on earth could afford its defenders, were stored. There was no embalmed beef here. Any hotel, north or south, would have been glad to have had the beef furnished the soldiers here. This storehouse is four hundred and twelve feet long and fifty eight feet wide.

"Fort Brooke" as already suggested, has its own municipal government, though there is scarcely a line of demarcation between Tampa technically and this quaint old "Fort Brooke."

Tampa proper has a court house, quite as good as any of its size, and better than many larger cities. It is located on a block of ground directly opposite



THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

the First National Bank Building, and is a credit to the tax-payers of the city.

The Tampa of long ago possesses a history full of interest. The writer a few days ago had the pleasure of meeting the first white citizen of Tampa, Mr. Josiah

Ferris and, by the way, a cousin to Ferris of Wheel fame. His father was connected with the Quartermaster's Department in 1835, and passed through here, or rather, anchored his boat here in that year. He did not remain, but in 1842, the son, Mr. Josiah Ferris, came here. He is but sixty-two years old now, and is as active as most men of forty.

In 1846 Major Harris of the army, was in command at Fort Brooke. He was peculiar in many ways, and especially so in his attitude toward religious services. This was exemplified by an order to the troops under his command in which said troops were ordered to attend religious services with fixed bayonets, the Major, himself taking his position in the choir and assisting the musical



THE COURT HOUSE.

feature with his flute, on which he was an expert performer. Later Major Sprague assumed command, and he married the daughter of (afterward) General Worth, who as colonel took troops from here to the Mexican war. When the regular troops went to Mexico the garrison was held by Florida Volunteers.

In 1848 the most terrible gale ever known in Florida occurred here. My friend, Mr. Ferris, of whom mention has heretofore been made, was then employed by the Government and was in the house which was first built in Tampa, which I have been permitted through his courtesy, to present to the Midland readers as it is today, and practically as it was in 1848. Mr. Ferris stands on the porch.

The little chapel the government had constructed, and the hospital and some of the quarters used for officers were all

washed away, and the water came in through the windows on the lower floor of the quarters. A schooner had arrived up the river, having on board silver and gold to pay the troops. There was but a small amount in their custody, compared with the sum needed for paydays to troops since, but twenty five hundred dollars in half-dollars was a good deal then. This was in a box and was carried out of danger by a negro, and kept until the flood had subsided and the danger had disappeared. Some of us believe that the color of a man's skin does not prevent him from being an honest or a brave man, and hundreds of such incidents prove the truth thereof. The schooner sailed up the river with the rest of her cargo, far up to where the dam now is, seven miles and was saved. A guard was sent up, and the balance of the money was transferred to the government store.

In 1849 the Indians murdered a number of whites at Charlotte's Harbor, about one hundred miles south of here, and the regular troops were sent to protect those who might have escaped the murderous attack. Later, in 1860, when the "late unpleasantness" occurred, the garrison here was occupied by Confederate troops. Safe, they imagined, but one day they saw a little gunboat out in the river and soon began to hear the yell of its guns and to feel the peculiar shock which always comes to those who get in a tight place. 'Twas a yankee gunboat and the boys who wore the blue landed and took possession; the citizens were paroled, and "old glory" floated over Tampa as it has continued to do ever since. To the credit and honor of Floridians here be it said, all are Americans now. They have no desire for any flag save the stars and stripes, and while at theatres "Dixie" is cheered, so is the "Star Spangled Banner"; and the practical realization of the prophecy of the immortal Webster is shown here to a very great extent, "No North, no south, no East, no West, but the Union one and inseparable."

Much of interest could be written of Tampa and its surroundings. There are beautiful palm trees here and great massive oaks. There are roses and violets, pansies and heliotropes blooming in mid-winter on every hand, and great red and


yellow flowers, (Spanish colors, perhaps but beautiful), the soft, balmy air blows from river and bay, and the climate is warm and delightful in January, while the thermometer indicates forty below at Saratoga, and snow and ice are giving to the coaster and skater their peculiar pleasures in the West.

Tampa and indeed all of South Florida, owes to one man, a debt which only

can be paid by the enterprise and "sand" that he so much desires in this section. I refer to the venerable railroad magnate and splendid gentleman Mr. H. B. Plant. Mr. Plant, as President of the 'Plant System' has invested not only his own money, but that of his great corporation in property here, having faith in its possibilities.

## WALT WHITMAN'S VERSE.

By JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

I.  
 ONE evening last winter I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, at the home of a mutual friend in Des Moines, and in the course of an extended conversation with the Hoosier poet Whitman's name was mentioned.

"I have no use for Walt Whitman—none whatever," was Mr. Riley's emphatic remark.

In quick response to a rapid fire of questions, Mr. Riley proceeded to explain his antipathy to "the good gray poet." In substance, he declared that Whitman was a fraud; that his deification of himself and of the animal in his nature, his glorification of his own particular brand of democracy, his studied unconventionality and disregard of time-honored rules of versification were all part of a scheme he had thought out and wrought out—a new school of poetry so-called, a school which should be styled distinctively American. His earlier verse, continued Mr. Riley,—all in good form, but deficient in poetic thought,—and his deservedly popular poem, "My Captain, O My Captain," show that he knew better than to ignore all the canons of poetic art; he deliberately chose to be odd, in verse as in manner and dress, simply to attract attention to himself; concluding that he could not win fame as a poet among poets, he deliberately chose the role of an eccentric.

Mr. Riley's extreme view recalled a letter received by me some six years be-

fore from Whitman's faithful friend and able defender, Mr. John Burroughs,—from which letter the following paragraph is a quotation:

"I am more than glad if my rather hasty 'Critic' article and letter put Whitman in a different light to you. He was a great, noble, loving and loveable soul. He was a man whom all his friends loved, and clung to. His charity was like the sunlight, his benignity like the rain and the dew, his wisdom like time's. His poems do not please at first; they repel; he must be wrestled with like Nature herself, but what riches are in store for him who can win them from him!"

Now, which of these two radically opposing judgments is the nearer approximation toward the truth about Walt Whitman? Between the censor who condemns Whitman as a fraud and the admirer who sees in him a great, noble, loving, and loveable soul, it is not easy to find a tenable middle ground.

Incited by this sharp difference of opinion to renew my early acquaintance with Whitman's verse, my new study of the subject led me on to definite conclusions relative to much that on first reading seemed "without form and void."

Of the 358 titles and sub-titles of verse, eighty-eight stand for mere fragments, interesting chiefly to those who would study the poet from every possible standpoint, using every sidelight, however feeble and flickering. Of the remaining 270, not more than seventy appear to me to be really essential to an intelligent



comprehension of the poet's style and to a fair estimate of his powers.

This finding is far from discouraging. The ratio of essential poems to the "complete works" of Poe, or Burns, or Heine, or Pope, or Wordsworth, is even smaller.

To this residuum let us direct our attention, the writer's undivided purpose being, not to harmonize opposing theories as to Whitman's motif, not to plead Whitman's cause, not to array my readers against the poet, not to weigh and measure the judgment of the critics: but, rather, to reach an independent and unbiased conclusion as to the value of Whitman's work and the place to which Whitman is entitled in American literature.

## II.

"For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

No review of Whitman can ignore the extreme egoism, the intense subjectivity, of the man behind the verse. Let us, therefore, at the outset, dispose of this not altogether pleasant feature of the subject.

The most striking example of Whitman's ego run riot is in the poem with that somewhat striking title, "Song of Myself," beginning, "I celebrate myself, and sing myself." We need not read far to find the explanation of this remarkable choice of subject. We find it in the next two lines:

"And what I assume *you* shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to *you*."

Then follows in quick succession a series of intensely subjective reflections, all more or less offensive to those who have overlooked, or will not use, the key to the poet's purpose. The key to the inner door of that purpose is to be found farther along. Here it is:

"In all people I see myself, none more.

I not one barley-corn less;

And the good or bad I say of myself I say of them."

Without multiplying illustrations, Whitman's purpose in adopting this startlingly subjective form of words was, clearly, to represent himself as the typical, the average man, good as the average man is good and bad as he is bad. He is continually giving "the sign of democracy,"—"the password primeval," as he puts it,—and in many ways declaring

that he "will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms." He places himself in a great variety of situations, all typical of vigorous, lusty, loving, friendly, helpful life, and into their good and evil, their joys and sorrows, their exaltation and anguish, he merges his own strong personality. For example, after telling a heart-rending tale of shipwreck, he declares:

"I am the man, I suffered; I was there."

And, again:

"I do not ask the wounded person how he feels; I myself become the wounded person."

Finally, stripping off all disguise of self-hood he announces:

"It is *you* talking just as much as myself.  
I act as the tongue of *you*."

Whitman's offending ego is a robe of selfhood deliberately put on that the poet might more effectively preach his favorite gospel of altruism. His is but another, and to most of us less satisfying, way of preaching the gospel afterward so effectively expounded by John Fiske in his Harvard lectures,—the broadening out of selfishness until it merges into sympathy.

As we proceed in the development of the theme, it must become apparent that this egoist is preeminently altruistic. One would have to look long and far to find another poet in whom selfishness is so swallowed up in passion for service to humanity.

"I am myself just as much evil as good, and my nation is."

## III.

My first impulse was to ignore Whitman's glorification of the animal in man. The subject is beset with embarrassments which are intensified by the training of many generations away from the great physical fact—as well as moral truth—taught in the parable of the body and its members.

In Whitman's philosophy there is no higher, no lower nature. To the author of "Children of Adam" the mystery of birth is overwhelming, the moment of conception supreme, the parturition scene sacred, the power to inspire passion godlike, the killing of desire in man or woman the unpardonable sin. In the development of his sexual philosophy, he again presents himself as the typical man, noble and sinless in the right



or normal use of his God-given powers, ignoble and sinful in the abuse of them.

Himself a printer and at the commencement of his career his own publisher, Whitman made a grievous blunder which in large measure is responsible for the general misconception of his literary aim and of his character as a man. That blunder was in breaking up his general themes into fragments and bestowing upon each one of these fragments a distinct title, thus giving them the appearance of being so many separate and complete concepts, whereas in actual fact they together make but a few long poems. I refer particularly to the excessive subdivision of "Children of Adam," "Autumn Rivulets," etc. This artificial isolation of the several phases of his thought, this arbitrary division of the circle of his purpose into segments, invited separate judgment upon each particular segment. The unsympathetic critic, failing, or refusing, to see the continuous purpose holding together a seeming jumble of ideas and impressions, denied to them the merit which belonged to them as a whole, and made a scapegoat of some one, to him, objectionable part of the whole.

"Children of Adam," read as a whole, with little or no regard paid the sixteen sub-titles, makes its calling and election almost if not quite sure; whereas in its printed form it stands so many separate and distinct challenges which a people of Puritan and Revolutionary ancestry were not slow to accept.

But there is one bit of verse, a mere fragment of six lines, written years after "Children of Adam" startled and shocked the public by their too conscious nakedness, which did more to alienate old friends and prevent the making of new ones than all the sixteen "Children of Adam" together. I refer to the fragment entitled "To a Common Prostitute." These lines were excluded from Rossetti's English edition of Whitman, and doubtless will have no place in future editions of the poet's works. Thus is removed the rock of offense upon which Emerson and other ardent admirers of Whitman's earlier work seriously stumbled. But, since the lines were insisted on by the poet as essential to the rounding out of his purpose, and since

they constitute the chief count in the indictment against Whitman man and poet, we must take one of three courses, defend them, condemn them, or apologize for them.

A few words of apology. But let me first put in a plea for fairness—common fairness only, such as we extend to old offenders—Shakespeare, Goethe, Burns, Pope and the rest.

Shall we deny the author of "King Lear" the highest place on Olympian heights because that Jove-like wielder of "oak-cleaving thunderbolts" in one of the pauses of that immortal tragedy descended to indite the low insult which Gloucester puts upon his illegitimate son and upon the boy's mother in whose seduction the old reprobate glories?

Shall we deny to Goethe his well-earned place near Shakespeare because the author of "Faust" is also the author of that clever apology for free love, "Elective Affinities?"

Shall we taboo "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Higland Mary" and other fragments of the immortal part of Burns, because Scotia's bard wrote, also, a sorry mass of rhymes which are scarcely more than attacks on the church and a glorification of sensuality and bestiality?

Shall we excommunicate Pope because he turned from serious contemplation of life's great problems to contemptible flings at the smart set of his time in which occur words so low and vulgar that the printer dared not print them in full? I refer to the so-called "Imitations of Horace" found in the complete editions of Pope's works.

From this attempt at elimination by comparison, the reader must not infer that Whitman is regarded by his apologist as guilty of like offenses against decency. No. Whitman's lapses are less easily explained. With all the freedom of Cervantes, Le Sage, Voltaire, Smollett and their respective contemporaries in approaching the subject of sex relations, the author under consideration was never apologetically obscene; and, judging him by the standard test of a man's soul-quality, namely the quality of the friends he makes, we must wholly acquit him of licentiousness. Look at the testimony of Whitman's friends on this

point. His most devoted lovers and mourners, men of singularly pure hearts and blameless lives, unitedly acquit him of impurity of thought and life.

I am here reminded of a question put to Mr. Burroughs some four years before the date of the letter from which quotation was made at the outset, "Can a man be high-souled and pure," I asked, "who deliberately selects such a theme?" We had been discussing the same offending lines.

Mr. Burroughs looked at me with a compassionate smile, and said, in substance: "I see you do not yet quite comprehend the man, and, naturally enough, do not comprehend his full meaning in this instance. But, answering your question as to the man's character, I will declare to you that Walt Whitman is the cleanest man I have ever known."

Let us follow Whitman along the way leading down to the lines in question. The general title of the poems, or fragments of verse, in which we find this startling dedication is "Autumn Rivulets." This collection, written in the autumn of the poet's life, includes many evidences of deepening seriousness and broadening view. The one apparently false note from beginning to end is that which we now have under consideration.

On the surface it seems as though a fragment of "Children of Adam," previously suppressed, had found its way into this later verse through some mistake of the printer, or oversight of the author.

Let us follow these "Autumn Rivulets," "making for the sea," "all toward the mystic ocean tending." "From the sea of time," the poet brings "a windrow-drift of weeds and shells." The shells call up "murmurs and echoes,"—

"Eternity's music faint and far,  
Wafted inland, sent from Atlantic's rim,  
strains for the soul of the prairies,  
Whisper'd reverberations, chords for the ear  
of the West joyously sounding  
Your tidings old, yet ever new and untranslatable,  
Infinitesimals out of my life, and many a life."

After this solemn plea for the reader's sympathy, the poet proceeds to name certain infinitesimals out of his own life and the lives of others, seeking to translate in full the confessedly untranslatable

story of man's possibilities for good or evil. His purpose was too large. It led him into the serious mistake which cooled the fervor of Emerson's enthusiasm and reopened the old controversy aroused in "Children of Adam," and that, too, without accomplishing his purpose—for the longest catalogue of infinitesimals out of the most uneventful life is incomplete—and, at most, the poet must select, and he is responsible for the choice he makes from the abundance of his material.

Whitman pictures the return of the heroes—for the War of the Rebellion is, at the time, of recent occurrence. He sees the army melt into the mass of citizens, and in the future beholds "saner wars" than those of the past. He gladly turns from "war's tumults" and finds in "all tilled and untilled fields" the true arenas for the race.

He next presents a strong picture of the power of environment in character-making.

His all-including glance then shifts to Mother Ireland, for whom he has a word, not the usual word of condolence, but a strong word of cheer, picturing the renewed youth of Ireland here in America.

He pauses a moment at "The City Dead House," and looks in upon the dead body of a wanton woman. He recognizes the godlike plan of the house in which soul once dwelt.

"Fair, fearful wreck!" he exclaims.  
"Take one tear, dropt as I go, for thought of  
you,  
Dead house of love—house of madness and  
sin, crumbled, crushed."

He muses on the marvelous chemistry by which the earth continually filled with the repulsive carcasses of the dead goes on reproducing its annual miracle of growth.

He next offers encouragement "To a Foiled European Revolutionaire."

"Did we think victory great?  
So it is—but now it seems to me, when it  
cannot be helped, that defeat is great."

He traverses the old "Unnamed Lands" of Asia and Africa, and expresses belief that nothing in the apparently meaningless lives of their inhabitants is really lost. He declares that "all that one does that is vigorous, benevolent, clean,"

is to him so much profit in the unshakable order of the universe and through the whole scope of it forever. He amplifies his belief in the immortal blessing of failure in a righteous cause and the dead failure of the self-centered life.

Pitifully he walks among prison inmates gathered in Sunday church, and he sings for them a song of hope—"a God-enfranchised soul."

Before the tomb of the merchant prince, Peabody, he sees "spiritual projections." In one of his visions he beholds a laborer's home after the day's work—a home to gladden the heart of the homeless poet. In another, "The sacred parturition scene, a happy, painless mother, birthed a perfect child." He passes on from one pleasing vista to another,—peaceful parents with contented sons, women chatting and sewing, a public library in which are groups of friendly mechanics reading, conversing, all the shows of laboring life—the children taught, the sick cared for, the orphan fathered and mothered, the hungry fed, the houseless housed. To "the stintless giver" whose tomb suggests these projections he sounds strong words of praise, tallying his benefactions with those of Mother Earth.

But the poet's purpose is yet incomplete. Whitman would outline the shadows as well as the lights along life's way. He would present "the drama of the whole,"—"tragedies, sorrows, laughter, tears," the "glaze of God's serenest sky," the "film of Satan's seething pit." He aims to draw "the heart's geography map." Hear him:

"You felons on trial in courts,  
You convicts in prison-cells, you sentenced assassins, chained and handcuffed with iron,  
Who am I, too, that I am not on trial or in prison?  
Me ruthless and devilish as any, that my wrists are not chained with iron, or my ankles with iron?  
You prostitutes flaunting over the trottoirs or obscure in your rooms—  
Who am I that I should call you more obscure than myself?"

\* \* \* \* \*

(O admirers, praise not me—compliment not me—you make me wince,  
I see what you do not—I know what you do not.)

Inside these breast-bones I lie smothered and choked,  
Beneath this face that appears so impassive hell's tides continually run,

Lusts and wickedness are acceptable to me,  
I walk with delinquents with passionate love,  
I feel I am of them,—I belong to those convicts and prostitutes myself,  
And henceforth I will not deny them—for how can I deny myself?

In the light of this remarkable confession, how weak and unmanly seem the "Confessions" of Rousseau!

We are now prepared to comprehend the poet's meaning in the lines "To a Common Prostitute"—which even the persuasion of Emerson could not induce him to disown. In these lines Whitman compares himself to unquestioning Nature. He bids the Magdalen of his imagination be composed, and then, carrying out the Nature simile, he exclaims:

"Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you,  
Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the leaves to rustle for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you."

Suffice to say that the poet in imagination, for the time being, puts himself upon the level of the prostitute, makes an appointment with her, gives her a parting salute, and then dismisses her for the pursuit of other themes more in keeping with the predominant spirit and purpose of his life.

In concluding the apologetic portion of this paper, let me briefly restate the case. The poet declares himself in full sympathy with men of every degree, good, bad and indifferent. He would present them as they are, leaving to others the presentation of them as they ought to be. He never descends to the role of caterer to vice. There is compassion and almost brutal frankness and a suggestion of dignity even in his published appointment with the wanton woman.

I cannot refrain from repeating that there are vagaries of the passions which the poet cannot, and may not wisely attempt to portray. The head and front of Whitman's offending is an inability to see this truth, which is as old as original sin.

#### IV

"This then is life,  
Here is what has come to the surface after so many throes and convulsions."

Let us now turn to the real poetry of Whitman, glimpses of which we have already caught on our way. Let us consider the verse upon which Whitman's fame will rest centuries hence, when the sharp

retorts of the disputants over the poet's faults and follies shall have been relegated to the *Curiosities of Literature*.

A few words in passing on what Whitman terms his "endless announcements," but which may better be termed inventories of suggestions. While many of his groupings of objects seen, or heard, or devised, are meaningless—so much mere prose injected between lines of rare beauty, yet they include also impressionistic suggestions of myriad poems. These must tend to set the imagination mill running vigorously in the mind of a poet who for the first time feels their spell. Let one single instance suffice.

In "*Salut au Monde*" the poet hears and sees such "gliding wonders" that he feels impelled to record the sights and sounds. He hears "the workman singing, and the farmer's wife singing," and "in the distance the sounds of children and of animals;" he hears the "shouts of Australians pursuing the wild horse," "the Spanish dance with castinets," the "fierce French liberty songs," "the Coptic refrain toward sundown," "the rhythmic myths of the Greeks," "the tale of the divine life and bloody death of the beautiful God the Christ,"—and so on and on round the world. He sees "a great round wonder rolling through space." Before him stretches a swiftly revolving panorama,—farms, hamlets, ruins, graveyards, jails, palaces, huts, tents of nomads, mariners in storms, tracks of the railroads of the earth, telegraph lines, the long river stripes of the earth, the many races pursuing their tasks and pleasures in many lands, mostly under adverse conditions. For all these he has fraternal compassion, for all a prophecy. They "will come forward in due time," he prophesies. Toward them all he raises high his hand as a signal "in America's name."

"My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents."

In the fardish heat of controversy over the faddish side of Whitman as a poet, many have lost sight of, or ignored, the beautiful side, the exquisite side,—Whitman's tender, almost pathetic love of nature and of his fellow men.

In the complications of our social life we frequently have need of a middleman to bring us and those who should be of

the same mind to a common ground of understanding. But when we enter the fields and woods, or swim the streams, or sail the lake, or in any other ways "fleet the time carelessly," then the immortal youth within us ignores all barriers of man's making, and we come together as do gregarious animals.

Here, then we are on common ground with Whitman. To the air, the light, the "paths worn in the irregular hollows by the roadside," this poet-tramp of "the Open Road" avows his belief—a belief in which most of us who have not wholly parted company with our youth can remember to have had a share—that these outdoor influences are "latent with unseen existences," they are so dear to him.

In the enthusiasm of one of his highest moods he sings his "*Song of Joy*," and in this song his limitless joy in elemental sympathy arouses a great longing "for the dropping of rainbows in song," "for the sunshine and motion of waves in song." The joy of his uncaged spirit will not be confined to our globe, nor to our period; he "will have a thousand globes and all time." It is in this lofty frame of mind that the poet gives utterance to his longing "to emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and flying clouds as one of them."

But in the flow of his "*Song of Joy*" we feel the strong undercurrent of sadness. He sings:

"Yet O my soul supreme!  
Know'st thou the joys of pensive thought?"

Jays of the solitary walk, the spirit bowed yet  
proud, the suffering and the struggle?

Jays of the thought of Death, the great spheres  
time and space?

Prophetic joys of better, loftier ideals, the divine  
wife, the sweet, eternal, perfect comrade?"

But to him nature is dead unless it mirror back to his soul some suggestion of kinship, some explanation of his own many-sided nature. Recall the strong comparison he found in the unwearying flight of the sea-bird with his own world-including imagination. This from "*Man-of-War Bird*":

"Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm.  
Walking renewed on thy prodigious pinions,

Thou born to match the gale (thou art all  
wings)

To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane;  
 Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,  
 At dark thou look'st on Senegal, at morn on America,  
 That sport'st amid the lightning flash and thundercloud  
 In these—in thy experiences—hadst thou my soul,  
 What joys! what joys were thine!"

This same intense subjectivity crops out everywhere in Whitman's nature revelations. A striking example of this quality is found in that fragment of verse written in Platte Canyon, Colorado:

"Spirit that formed this scene,  
 These tumbling rock-piles grim and red,  
 These reckless heaven ambitious peaks,  
 These gorges, turbulent-clear streams, this naked freshness,  
 These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own,  
 I know thee, savage spirit—we have communed together.  
 Mine, too, such wild arrays, for reasons of their own;  
 Was't charged against my chants they had forgotten art?  
 To fuse within themselves its rules precise and delicatessen?  
 The lyrist's measured beat, the wrought out temple's grace—columns and polished arch forgot?  
 But thou that revelest here—spirit that formed this scene,  
 They have remembered thee."

(To be concluded in the Midland Monthly Magazine for April.)

Subjectivity is found here and there in Tennyson's nature poetry, but always so melodious, refined and "delicatenesse" that one would never feel impelled to quote the English poet's deliciously modulated joy and sorrow while standing in a canyon or on a mountain.

Compare this rough, strong verse of our Western bard with the garden and parterre emotion of Tennyson's "Claribel".

"Where Claribel low-lieth  
 The breezes pause and die—  
 Letting the rose-leaves fall;  
 But the solemn oak-tree nigheth,  
 Thick-leaved, ambrosial,  
 With an ancient melody  
 Of an inward agony,  
 Where Claribel low-lieth."

We need not be ashamed of the "naked freshness" and "formless wild arrays" of our one distinctively American poet when we recall such noble outlines as are drawn in "A Clear Midnight"—an impression only, and that done in four lines:

"This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the worldless,  
 Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,  
 Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best,  
 Night, sleep, death and the stars."

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember, love, the time  
 We stood together heart to heart,  
 And vowed that nothing e'er should part  
 Us two, when all the budding chime  
 Of bursting lines seemed to sing  
 That strange and wonderful new thing  
 Of painter's art and poet's rhyme,  
 Do you remember, love, the time?

Do you remember, love, the day?  
 The grass seemed softer to our feet,  
 The blossoms' fragrance breathed more sweet

From spicy peach trees o'er the way,  
 We laughing, told the daisy's charm,  
 And smiled to think or doubt or harm  
 Could come before another May.  
 Do you remember, love, the day?

Oh, love, upon that other shore,  
 When tired Time shall plod no more,  
 And weary Life lay down the weight  
 Of human wrong and pain and hate,  
 When these dull bonds of flesh shall fall,  
 And soul to soul we know it all,  
 Do thou forget this dreary waste,  
 These long white snow fields, and in haste

Reck not the aching dumb despair  
 That holds us, but those scenes more fair,  
 The soft spring songs, and fresh spring air,

And in the great glad faraway,  
 Remember, love, dear love, I pray,  
 Nor Fate, not me, nor this poor rhyme,  
 But for love's sake that happy time.

—Nora Barnhart.



# MORMONISM AND THE MORMON WAR IN MISSOURI.

By WM. F. SWITZLER.

*Story of the rise and fall of Joe Smith.—Discovery of the Golden Plates or "The Book of Mormon."—The Church now divided into two Branches.*

IT is the boast of statesmen, philosophers and economists of both hemispheres that no period of the world's history can compare in education, culture and material progress with the nineteenth century.

Were we to credit their boastful conclusions and accept the processes of reason by which they are reached, we would believe that the people of our time, especially in the United States, have attained elevations of intelligence and virtue which place them far above the influences of ungifted artifice or emotional insanity in any form.

But English-speaking people, both in the Old World and in the New, do not hold policies of insurance against the insidious encroachments and marvelous conquests of mental delirium and humbug, as the history of our time bears conclusive testimony.

Observe the remarkable and unexplained, and, perhaps, inscrutable conquests of Mormonism and the intestinal war it precipitated upon the people of Missouri in 1838.

Both are measurably forgotten, and many of this generation residing in our own State are, of course, oblivious of facts which never came to their knowledge.

Unquestionably one of the most striking outgrowths of modern fanaticism is the progress and pretensions of Mormonism in the United States. That one Joe Smith, an uneducated youth, without wealth or social standing, should excite a revolutionary movement in the religious world and show himself able to impose on public credulity by the most absurd pretension to the divine and prophetic character, and that, too, in a century boastful of its intelligence, are paradoxes difficult to be accounted for on any known laws of the human mind.

Even Brigham Young declared that

"The Prophet was of mean birth; He was wild, intemperate, even dishonest and tricky in his youth."

Joe Smith's family came from Scotland, and his father did not exhibit any very strong traits of character. He was at times engaged, according to a recent authority, in hunting for Captain Kidd's buried treasure; and he also became implicated with one Jack Dowling in counterfeiting money, but escaped penalty by turning state's evidence. His maternal grandfather was one Solomon Mack, an infirm man who rode about the country on a side saddle selling an autobiography of himself. In 1815 the Smiths migrated to Palmyra, N. Y. Their goods were few and their children many, Joseph being fourth in a line of six sons and three daughters. There the father opened a small cake shop and peddled his wares at all gatherings of the people. In a short while he squatted on a piece of timber land with his family and there remained until he followed his son into Ohio and cast his lot with the Mormon church.

The mother of Joseph Smith was fanatical on the subject of religion. She was given to deep reveries, told fortunes and claimed to have been cured of a mortal complaint by miracle. She stated that a prophet was to be born into the family, and Joseph Smith was chosen to bear the honor. His mother trained him in this belief.

Joe Smith, the prophet of Mormonism, assumed to act by divine appointment, and claimed that his mission was of a duplex character, both temporal and spiritual. He came radically and essentially to change the forms of divine worship and herald the millennial reign of Christ on earth. He was also to establish a temporal kingdom in which the "saints" were to reign, and crush the heretical world beneath their righteous feet.

Smith came to Missouri in 1831, and



proclaimed that the nucleus of this kingdom was to be the "New Jerusalem," or Mormon Temple, which he proposed to erect at Independence, in Jackson county. From this focal point the kingdom was to be extended by a series of supernatural exploits and brilliant conquests more miraculous, dazzling and complete than those which attended the rapid march of the Moslem prophet under his crescent banner.

To accomplish his designs he intended, according to report, to concentrate at the "New Jerusalem" all the Indian tribes of the West and incite them to avenge the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of their "pale-face" oppressors. The blood-thirsty Comanches, the cruel Sacs and Foxes, still smarting under the defeat and capture of their celebrated chieftain, Black Hawk; the Winnebagoes, the Pawnees, the Omahas and all the wild tribes of the deep valleys and lofty crags of the Rocky Mountains were to hear the voice of the great prophet and contribute all their savage energies to the establishment of Mormon supremacy on the American continent.

"The Book of Mormon," a copy of which I have, and which was once the property of Joe Smith's mother, contains a history so-called of the ancient aborigines of the country, from whom, it is claimed, the modern tribes descended. From the pages of this blundering fiction the red man was to be taught of his high origin; of an ancestry which had peopled a vast continent, and established a civilization superior to that of their European enemies who had robbed them of their homes and their hunting grounds.

There is something so remarkable about this strange infatuation as to justify a brief reference to the history of Joe Smith and of the origin of Mormonism, or "The Book of Mormon."

He was born at Sharon, Windsor county, Vt., December 23, 1805, and in 1815 removed, with his father and family, to Palmyra, Wayne county, N. Y. A few years after, Smith professed to be seriously concerned on the subject of religion.

In April, 1820, while engaged in prayer in the woods adjacent to his home, he

pretended to have received his first remarkable vision, and a revelation, asserting that God appeared to him in the wood, and like Mohammed's Gabriel, informed him that his sins were forgiven; that all the denominations of Christians were in error and enemies of the covenant of grace, and that he was the chosen of God to restore his gospel and primitive Christianity and re-establish his kingdom on earth.

Three years afterwards the pretended prophet fearfully backslid and relapsed into his old habits. Nevertheless, he pretends that on September 21, 1823, an angel visited him while in bed—Joe then not being 18 years of age—and revealed to him the existence and location of plates of gold on which were engraved the history of the ancient inhabitants of the American continent and the true doctrines of salvation.

The following, in Joe Smith's own language, is his version of what the angel revealed to him, or at least a small part of it:

"While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light in the room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness, It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen, nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. \* \* \* Not only was his robe exceeding white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description and his countenance truly like lightning. \* \* \* He called me by name and said unto me he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me. \* \* \* That God had a work for me to do, and that my name should be heard for good and evil among all nations. \* \* \* Or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent and the source from whence they sprang."

Next day, obeying the angelic injunction, he went to "Comorah," a hill between Manchester and Palmyra, N. Y.,

and found the plates in a stone box, buried in the side of the hill.

After a conflict with the devil and his angels the angel of the Lord safely delivered to him the plates of gold, bell-shaped, 7x8 inches in size and 6 inches thick, and fastened through the ends with rings.

These plates had engraved on them a variety of hieroglyphic writing, and numerous figures of half moons and stars, ending with a rude representation of the Mexican zodiac.

In 1820 Smith completed the translation of the plates, and in the work was aided by Oliver Cowdery, whom John the Baptist coming from heaven ordained as his clerk. In 1830 "The Book of Mormon," translated from the plates found in the hill of "Comorah," was published as a revelation from heaven, and on this book Mormonism was founded.

While Smith was engaged in the translation, he exhibited the plates to Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, who gave a certificate that they had seen and handled the plates and "that an angel of God came down and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon, and the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it, wherefore we bear testimony of these things."

The following is a picture of one of the plates:



In 1831 Smith, with a number of his converts, moved to Kirtland, O., and the year after located "Zion," or "The New Jerusalem," at Independence, Mo., and settled there with a host of followers. They entered a large body of land and professed to own everything in common. Very soon they established a printing office, the first one ever brought to Jackson county, and commenced the publication of the *Evening Star*, a weekly paper, whose columns contained little else than revelations from heaven, with wonderful and gracious promises to the Latter Day Saints and terrible threatenings against the wicked and ungodly Gentiles.

Finally the Gentiles demolished the printing office, threw the press, type and fixtures into the Missouri river, a few miles distant, tarred and feathered "Bishops" Parage and Allen on the public square, and otherwise bore testimony to their determination that they did not intend that a "New Jerusalem" and "saints" of the character proposed should have a lodgment in their midst.

The collisions between the saints and Gentiles resulted in a bloody conflict two miles east of Westport on October 31, 1833, in which two citizens and one Mormon were killed. In this encounter, in which was fired the first gun of the Mormon war in Missouri, the Mormons routed the Gentiles. Flushed with the victory, Joe Smith and his followers in the crisis of their rejoicing, received a "revelation" to destroy the town of Independence—to march upon it and by force render it a reminiscence, leaving no stone upon another.

On the night of November 1, 1833, they organized an assault and commenced the deadly march. Soon after daylight, on the morning of the 2d, they arrived a mile west of the town. But the Gentiles were prepared for them. During the night the Gentiles poured into Independence from all the region round about and in large and determined force met the battle array. Their bogus "revelation" did not avail them, for the Mormons were forced to lay down their arms and promise to leave the county with their families by January 1, 1834, the Gentiles agreeing to pay the proprie-

tors of the Evening Star newspaper for the press and type destroyed.

And they did leave, and flocked into Clay, Carroll and other counties north of the river, but chiefly into the then new and sparsely settled county of Caldwell, where David Whitmer, of Richmond, Ray county, Mo., and a few others had selected a site for a new town and a New Jerusalem and lands for the saints. Whitmer was a very respectable citizen, and after the Mormon troubles resumed his residence in Richmond, and died there Janutry 25, 1888. He became the custodian of the original manuscript-translation of the plates, written at the dictation of Smith, and from which "The Book of Mormon" was printed. This is now in the possession of George W. Schweich, of Richmond, a retired merchant, the nephew of David Whitmer, one of the three witnesses to the writing of the manuscript.

The new Mormon town was called "Far West," and Joe Smith and his "apostles" located there and assured their followers that it would soon become one of the mighty cities of the world in population, wealth and power.

None of the prophecies of the great prophet were verified, for in a few years after its foundations were laid, and Smith and the "saints" abandoned it, the site was occupied by a cornfield, about eight miles southwest of Hamilton and the same distance southeast of Cameron, both flourishing towns on the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad.

Far West was laid off on a grand scale, and the deluded disciples of the false prophet contemplated its future with exultant pride and great expectancy. The site, on paper, consisted of 396 blocks, with wide streets and magnificent boulevards. The four principal avenues were 132 feet wide and the streets 82½ feet. These diverged at right angles from a public square, in the center of which was to be erected the great Mormon Temple, the cellar of which was dug in 1837. The excavation, 120x80 feet in area, and about six feet deep, was made, it is said, in less than one day, for the fanaticism of the hour brought to the work more than 500 men with no other means of removing the earth than hand-barrows.

The new settlement attracted a large influx of Mormon immigrants, many of whom were well meaning and industrious people; also many desperadoes and thieves, who soon obtained dominant power in their councils. Swayed by a religious frenzy that knew no bounds, and that was amenable to no law or reason, the bad men among them boldly declared that "the Lord had given the earth and the fullness thereof to His people," that they were "His people," and, therefore, had a right to take whatsoever they chose from the godless Gentiles. Influenced by the impulse of this strange lunacy, the more lawless of them roved in bands over the country, laying violent hands on whatsoever they coveted.

As the Mormons soon outnumbered the Gentiles, they were successful in filling the county offices with "saints" who sympathized with "the disciples of the Lord," even to the extent of shielding the gravest offenders from arrest and punishment.

Very naturally, this condition of affairs aroused public indignation against them and incited the victims of their insolence and wrongs to retribution in kind and to armed resistance and mob violence. Therefore, many a dark and bloody deed was perpetrated on both sides.

Deeper and wider grew the excitement, which was finally intensified to the point of explosion by the war-like and lawless conduct of certain Mormon leaders at De Witt, where a Mormon colony had been planted early in 1838 by G. W. Hinkle, Lyman, Wright and others.

I will not occupy space to reproduce the details of the warlike complications which grew out of the De Witt Mormon settlement. Suffice it to say that a bloody encounter between the Gentiles and Mormons was imminent, for their respective forces were in battle array and the line of conflict formed. Happily, however, through the timely intervention of the late Judge James Earickson and Wm. F. Dunnica, of Glasgow, Mo., the shedding of blood was averted and the Mormon settlement at De Witt peaceably dislodged.

Nevertheless, the settlement at Far West, intrenched as it was behind the personal presence and "revelations" and "prophecies" of Joe Smith himself, con-

tinued a menace to the peace of the State because it was the focal point of Mormon insolence, deprecations on the property of the people and insubordination to law.

In the fall of 1838 the popular discord became so great and the clamor for the total expulsion of the Mormons from the State so imperative, that Governor Lilburn W. Boggs issued a proclamation ordering Major David R. Atchison, of Platte, to call out the militia of his division to suppress the Mormon insurrection and enforce the laws of the State. General Atchison ordered out a part of the first brigade, under General A. W. Doniphan, of Clay, who proceeded at once to the seat of war at Far West.

This force was placed under the immediate command of General John B. Clark, of Howard; the Mormon troops, numbering about 1,000, were led by Colonel G. W. Hinkle. A skirmish took place between these forces at Crooked river, in Caldwell county, where David Patton, or "Captain Fear-not," as he called himself, the leader of the Danite band, or the "United Brothers of Gideon," was killed. An engagement, however, of larger proportions afterwards occurred at Haughan's Mills, five miles south of the present town of Breckenridge. The Mormons were entrenched in the mill and blacksmith shop. The militia, numbering about 125, attacked and captured them. One militiaman was wounded and eighteen Mormons were killed and their bodies thrown into an open well owned by Haughn.

The principal Mormon force was concentrated at Far West, and to that point the State troops were marched by Doniphan and Clark, where they arrived the last week in October, 1838. No collision occurred. No blood was shed, for, after a brief parley between the commanding officers of the respective armies, Joe Smith, whether with a "revelation" or without never has been known, agreed to General Doniphan's conditions, viz.: That the Mormon forces deliver up their arms, surrender their prominent leaders for trial by the courts, and the remainder of the Mormons, with their families, immediately leave the State.

This capitulation ended the Mormon war, nipped as by an autumnal frost the magnificent city of Far West in the bud

of its promise, and rid the State of Missouri of the Prophet Joe Smith and the Latter Day Saints.

It must be conceded that the terms of surrender were very grievous to these misguided people, but under the circumstances they were the best that could be obtained. The rigors of winter were rapidly approaching, the Mormons were generally poor and transportation was difficult and costly.

Yet a vast multitude of men, women and children, variously estimated at from 5,000 to 15,000, were compelled hastily to leave the State, which they did, and went to Nauvoo (which means "Pleasant Land"), Ill., where the "Saints" have since erected a temple of vast proportions and great beauty. Joe Smith and his brother, Hyram Smith, accompanied them.

The late Judge Hibee and his brother, Francis, were living in Nauvoo during the reign of Joseph, and became very weary of the methods employed by Smith and his followers. So, on June 20, 1844, they issued the first number of the Nauvoo "Expositor," which fairly screamed with denunciations of Mormon methods. This was the first and last issue of the paper, for it was very offensive to the prophet, and therefore by his order and of the Mayor and president of Nauvoo, the "Expositor" office was demolished and the press and type thrown into the Mississippi river. Joseph Smith, his brother, Hyrum, and Dr. Taylor, who was the late head of the Utah church, were arrested for this act and placed in jail at Carthage in the debtors' room. The people of Hancock county were in a frenzy of excitement against the two Smiths and other Mormon leaders, and on the afternoon of June 27, 1844, it culminated by the assembling of a mob, which forced its way into the jail, killing Joseph and Hyram Smith and seriously wounding Dr. Taylor.

Within recent years litigation arose before Judge John F. Philips, of the United States Circuit Court, Kansas City, in the form of a proceeding in equity by the "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" against the "Church of Christ" of Independence to obtain possession of the famous Temple lot at In-

dependence. The two churches named are branches of the Mormon church, founded by Joseph Smith, the prophet. The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is generally known as the "Josephite" branch, and its principal place of business is Lamoni, Ia. The Church of Christ is known as the "Hedrickite" branch, and its headquarters are at Independence. Both branches have churches at Independence. The Hedrickites are in possession of the lot and own a little frame church located on one corner. Immediately across the street, and on what was originally part of the "lot," the Josephites have erected a handsome stone church. The lot has for years been a bone of contention between them, and originally consisted of sixty-three acres. The Josephite branch, which has its headquarters at Lamoni, Ia., has for its president, Joseph Smith, Jr., a son of the prophet. They claim that the Utah church, or the Brighamites, are seceders from the true church. The Prophet Joseph, they claim, appointed and designated his son, Joseph Smith, Jr., as his successor as the head of the church, but after the death of the prophet at Nauvoo, Ill., Brigham Young succeeded in having himself elected as the head of the church, and introduced many pernicious doctrines not sanctioned by Smith. Among these was the doctrine of polygamy. The Josephites claim that after

the death of the prophet, in 1844, the church was disorganized, and that a large per cent of the people refused to follow the leadership of Brigham Young.

Judge Philips sustained the contention of the "Josephites" in a lengthy opinion, from which the Hedrickite church appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which reversed the decree and ordered the bill dismissed. This confirmed the "Hedrickites" in possession of the lot as against the "Josephites." "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," the Utah or Brigham Young church, or third sub-division of the Mormon brotherhood, was not a party to the suit.

Recently the "Josephites," or "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," passed this resolution condemnatory of polygamy and the Utah Congressman-elect, B. H. Roberts:

"Resolved, That the Independence, Mo., branch of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints desire to be placed on record as protesting against the seating of B. H. Roberts, Congressman-elect from the State of Utah, it being a matter of public knowledge that he is a polygamist in belief and practice, contrary to the laws of the land. He should not, therefore, be permitted to represent his State in the legislative halls of the country."

This is the strongest church numerically outside of Utah.

## A FANCY.

It pleases me upon some winter's eve,  
When on the window panthe frost doth weave  
Dim forms and outlines quaint,  
To sit before an open fire and mark  
The blue flames tapering leap into a spark,  
The dance of shadows quaint,  
And thus with eyes fixed on the flickering blaze,  
To muse till sweet Forgetfulness gainsays  
A dream-imparting kiss,  
Till eye-lids close and Fancy bids me flee  
On wings of down across the magi csea  
Of Sleep, to lands of Bliss.'

—W. Tyler Olcott.



# A REVERIE.

BY DUFF REED.

Sweet pensive twilight fraught with wintry  
gloom,  
Has darkened silently my curtained room,  
Has bathed my spirit in a peaceful calm,  
Allayed its fever with some fabled balm.

In perfect keeping is the outside gloom,  
The rattling casement, and the spectral room,  
The swaying forest's deep-toned shudd'ring  
sigh,  
The weeping wind with sobbing mournful cry.

Strange uncouth figures upstart here and there  
Caused by the glowing embers' fitful flare.  
Shadow and silence now to me belong,  
Save falling cinders, and the cricket's song.

The rain-drops patter 'gainst the windowpane  
In gusty violence and frenzy vain;  
The moaning wind with melancholy cry,  
Sweeps round the jutting eaves most drearily.

Its sobbing accents have evoked a dream  
Of youth and childhood, shade and sunny  
gleam,  
From out the hidden graves of memory,  
Where forms are sleeping cold and rigidly.

Tongues that have thrilled me with affection's tone,  
Hearts that have throbb'd responsive to my  
own,  
Hands that caressed, but shall embrace no  
more,

Eyes that illumined the pleasant days of yore—  
These grotesque shadows wavering on the  
wall  
Seem ghosts of long departed ones, that call  
To me in noiseless beckoning, and leave  
Me sad in mem'ry's solitude to grieve.

Alas, those phantoms of forgotten days  
And vanished hopes, denied enjoyment's rays,  
Torment my soul with thirsty longings keen,  
With wild conjectures of what "might have  
been."

Alas! Who can faithfully express  
The world of yearning and happiness,  
That lies exposed to every human ken  
Within the touching wail—"it might have  
been."

The heart goes traveling backward, to the time  
Of childish glee, and boyhood's happy prime.  
To pleasant ramblings by the stream and  
wood,  
Marking their beauties with attentive mood,

To sunlit meadows and the shaded lane,  
Winding with untrimmed hedge, across the  
plain,  
To flowery slopes refreshed by hastening rills,  
Lost in the wavy outline of the hills.

These rural scenes of childhood's cherished  
home  
In strange confusion blending, o'er me come;  
Together with day dreamings of the mind,  
Surpassing sweet, but viewless as the wind.

These gentle flutt'ring hovers on my cheek,  
Lingering there lovingly as if to speak,  
May be complainings that the spirits bring.  
May be the beating of an angel's wing.

Lo! Fancy whispers that your smile appear  
Dear mould'ring ones, from out the evening  
drear,  
And dreamily your voices speak to me  
From the far spirit land, most tenderly.

Oh, forms departed, days forever gone,  
Now ye are vanished, I am left alone.  
My very heart is weeping, throbbing fast,  
A supulcher sad of the chequered past.

As clouds embrace some pine-clad mountain  
cone,  
In towering gloom, regardless of its moan;  
So musing sorrow far beyond control,  
Of sighs unmindful, broods upon my soul.

Oh, come, blest panacea for human woes  
That finds an echo where the River flows,  
With sweet seductive wiles charm from my  
breast  
This vague soul-stricken yearning, and unrest.

Such retrospective thoughts my gloom aug-  
ment;  
Yet strangely there's a fascination lent  
To its deep gloominess, to soften these  
Intensely saddening, twilight vagaries.

Oh, who has not been visited by dreams  
At night's persuasive hour, whose gentle  
beams  
Come shim'ring from our youthful, guiltless  
days  
Dimly enshrouded in oblivion's haze.

In secret sadness we have closely nurst  
The mem'ry of life's dearest object curst.  
O'er friends estranged, love often wept un-  
seen,  
And hungered most where tenderness had  
been.

Although our sorrow may unspoken be,  
Still its existence chills hilarity;  
A feeling desolate creeps upon the heart,  
And burning tears, unbidden, quickly start.

Despondent, therefore, my reflections are,  
Each retrospective glance augmenting care,  
Vainly I strive to get respite from these  
Intensely saddening, midnight, reveries.



# PRESIDENTS TAYLOR AND GRANT, ON THE WEST INDIES.

BY COL. BEN. E. GREEN.

**I**N June, 1849—nearly 50 years ago—Secretary of State John Middleton Clayton, of Delaware, wrote asking me to call on him at the State Department. He wished me to start at once on a secret mission to the West Indies—to report on the condition of Cuba and secure a naval station on the Bay of Samana by a treaty, recognizing the Dominican Republic, for which I was to have plenipotentiary powers, to be used, or not, at my discretion. I had just become a partner in a contract to build a railroad from Knoxville, Tenn., to Dalton, Ga. For that and other reasons I at first declined.

The Secretary urged that he and the President considered this mission one of the most important measures of their administration. The position of Cuba at the entrance and exit of the Atlantic Ocean, Carribean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, presented problems of great interest, not only to the Gulf ports and Southern States, but also to all that vast territory of the North and West watered by the Ohio, Missouri and other tributaries of the Mississippi; whose products must pass by Cuba in search of a foreign market. The only proper and effectual solution would be the acquisition of Cuba.

That should be accomplished as speedily as possible, with due regard to treaty obligations, and the claims of Spain. Meanwhile, the President and he desired to secure a naval station on the Bay of Samana at once; if it could be done by a treaty with the Dominican Republic under conditions that would be approved by the Senate and people.

To my suggestion that there were others foot-loose, who would be glad to go on such a mission, he said that I was the only man he knew who to other qualifications added that of speaking Spanish and French; that all they wanted could be accomplished in two or three months; that my associates in the railroad contract could surely carry it on without me

for that short time; and that he and the President would take it as a personal favor to them if I would go.

Nothing was said by the Secretary or President at any of our several conferences about claims against the Haytian Government. I was busy arranging my private affairs for a three months' absence, and did not open my written instructions, and accompanying printed documents, until after I had left the United States and was en route for Cuba. I then learned that they also wished me to visit Port au Prince, to arrange for payment of claims dating back to the times of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Desalines. I can only account for their silence about Haytian claims by the greater importance they attached to Cuba and the naval station at Samana. It may have been an after thought to include the claims against Hayti with the original objects of the mission.

I reached Havana in midsummer (July 4) on the steamship Isabel from Charleston, S. C., with a clean bill of health.

I was brought into close contact and confidential relations, on board ship, with many Cuban families returning from the United States, Spain, and other parts of Europe; and thus got a better insight into the conditions existing in Cuba, in a few days, than I could otherwise have acquired in many months.

While many desired annexation to the United States, all longed for deliverance from Spanish rule. But they had neither arms, nor organization, nor opportunity for organizing, in the cities. There the Spanish system of spies and repressive police was such that friends meeting on the streets ran the risk of being thrown into prison, *incommunicados*, if they stopped to speak to each other. In the country this system could not be so effectively applied, and the conditions were more favorable for concert of action. What the country Cubans have since then accomplished with no other weap-

ments for cutting sugar canes—is a marvel.

In 1849 a general and successful uprising did not come within the scope of positions than *machetes*—agricultural implementability.

If an expedition should succeed in evading the vigilant enforcement of our neutrality laws—(the Lopez expedition was then in embryo)—it could give the well-equipped forces of Spain little trouble beyond shooting some, and sending the rest to the *garotte*, or to a worse fate in a Spanish prison.

There was then no reason to fear, as some did, a repetition in Cuba of the crimes and horrors of the revolution in the adjacent island of St. Domingo a half century before. The greater horror, the more atrocious crime, of punishing the country Cubans by dragging their non-combatant old and invalid men, their women and children, into the towns; to be there starved to death by the hundreds of thousands, a half century later, could not then be reasonably anticipated. Weyler had not appeared to illumine the records of Dessalines, Christophe and Soulouque, by contrast with the darker shades of his own.

Cuba was an orange, which the Spaniards had been sucking so long that they had come to believe that it could never be sucked dry; and would not sell for any sum within or without reason.

As treaty obligations and the claims of Spain were to be scrupulously respected, acquisition by purchase was far off in the future. I use the word claims instead of rights, because Spain's rights, whatever they may have once been, had long been forfeited by centuries of wrong and cruel oppression.

Having reached these conclusions, I was ready to proceed to Santo Domingo. I sought to charter a vessel in Havana, but could find none. General Campbell, our Consul General, protested against such mode of passage, and insisted on my taking the British steamer for St. Thomas, there to charter a vessel to take me to St. Domingo.

In contrast with to-day's facilities for travel, I had to wait many days for the British steamer. Her route was from Havana to Kingston, Jamaica; then to the Spanish Main and back to Kingston;

thence to Santiago de Cuba; thence to Puerto Rico; from there to St. Thomas, stopping at each port for slow discharge and receipt of cargo and passengers. At Kingston the alternative was presented of continuing on the steamer to the Spanish main and back, or risking the yellow fever by stopping over there until the steamer's return. I chose the latter.

Here I again met my old acquaintance, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, who in exile was watching chances to regain power in Mexico by another pronunciamiento. Returning from a long visit to him, I passed a very handsome residence, and asked the driver whose it was? He said, "The Bishop's." When General Campbell bade me farewell on the steamer at Havana he handed me a note addressed to "Rt. Rev. Lord Aubrey Spencer, Bishop of Jamaica." I asked for the Bishop; was told that he was at his summer residence in the Blue Mountains, so I left the note and my card. At dawn of the second day following, a servant waked me to deliver a note from the Bishop, inviting me to visit him at Charlottenburg. That the trip might be made in the cool of the early morning, his carriage was at the hotel door. His mettlesome horses bore me swiftly over a smooth and level road, some twenty miles, to the foot of the mountains. There a sure-footed pony waited to take me over the narrow bridle path, which wound up and around the mountain, to the top.

The view from Charlottenburg was grand. Newcastle Barracks, where the white troops were quartered during the sickly season; the mountain slopes dotted with coffee plantations; the plain below covered with sugar plantations; the intersecting roads and moving life thereon; Kingston and its spires; the shipping in the harbor; the old Spanish fort, and expanse of water beyond—all plainly visible through the clear atmosphere—left nothing more to be desired by a lover of the picturesque. When shown to my room, there were two heavy blankets, one spread over the bed, the other over the footboard. It was mid-August, and I turned the one which was spread over the bed on to the footboard. In less than half an hour I had first one and then both over me, and—slept. To fully realize how "sweet" and "balmy" sleep can be, go to

the White Mountains of Jamaica in June, July or August. The same may be said of the mountains of Cuba, Sto. Domingo and Puerto Rico. These charms of climate and scenery were greatly enhanced by the frank and cordial hospitality of the cheery Bishop and the delightful society of the accomplished ladies of his household

\* \* \* \* \*

Shortly before my arrival at the City of Sto. Domingo, Soulouque, the negro Emperor of Hayti, sent an army of 7,000 men, with the latest improved French guns and five pieces of field artillery, to subjugate the Dominican Republic. Before this superior force the small and poorly equipped Dominican army retreated, and as they retreated, disbanded and disappeared, like dew before the sun. The Dominican Congress called to the rescue their Cincinnatus, Pedro Santana (not to be confounded with Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, of Mexico).

Generals Santana, Felipe Alfon and Henneken—these three alone, without another man following—rode out of the City of Sto. Domingo to drive back the invaders. As they went, they met fragments of the disbanded army; sometimes a squad of two or three, sometimes a single man, who had thrown away their guns, retaining no weapon but their *machetes*. Of these they induced some two hundred to go back with them.

Meanwhile the Haytians had advanced to the right (west) bank of the Ocoa, where they were entrenched, with their five pieces of artillery commanding the approaches to the river on the east. During the night, Alfon, with one hundred men, crossed the river and gained a position on the left flank of the sleeping Haytians. At an agreed signal, when Alfon was ready to attack, Santana and Henneken, with the other one hundred men, advanced to attack in front. Roused from sleep by attacks on front and flank, panic seized the Haytians. They fled. The Dominicans pursued, killed many, captured more, and did not cease pursuit until the last Haytian was killed, captured, or driven across the frontier. It was not a fight, but a flight; and was called by the Dominicans *las carreras*, the races.

The enemy, having thus been driven

back, Santana laid down his dictatorship and again retired to his farm. Balz, the President, was a mulatto. Some of his cabinet were of pure white (Spanish) blood; others not. One-half certainly, perhaps two-thirds, of the population were of African blood. As against the Haytians, they sided with the whites. From the balcony of my house, I witnessed an amusing scene, which illustrated the feeling and relations then existing. A mulatto and a very black full-blood negro were quarreling. After exhausting their copious vocabulary of abuse, the mulatto capped the climax by calling the other "*un negro*." The answer was, "though my skin is black, my heart is white." The manner, more than the words, expressed the speaker's loyalty to the Spanish whites to the east, and his abhorrence of the French blacks of the west end of the island.

How long this would last; when and how soon the Spanish blacks would again coalesce with the French blacks for the extermination of the whites and mixed bloods, no one could foretell.

From the printed documents on claims against Hayti, enclosed with my written instructions, I ascertained that many attempts to arrange for them had been made from time to time. All had failed, because our Government would not recognize the negro government of Hayti. Agents had been sent at government expense, but not as its representatives. They were only known to the Haytian government as agents of the claimants. Of course, that government laughed at them "in its sleeve."

If for more than fifty years we had refused to recognize a negro government at the west end of the island, notwithstanding that such refusal involved failure to protect our own citizens from robbery, wrong and suffering, would the Senate approve a treaty with a government at the east end, of which the President was a mulatto and a majority of the population negroes—to acquire a naval station at Samana? Would President Taylor or Secretary Clavton wish me to conclude a treaty so likely to be rejected by the Senate. I decided to wait for an answer from the Secretary, and meanwhile to pass for a young man traveling, "strange countries for to see." I wrote to

the Secretary that I was not willing to repeat the farce of visiting Port au Prince as the private agent of the claimants, to present an humble petition in their behalf. If I went there, it must be in a man of war, and with authority to demand payment in the name of the Government of the United States of America; that we should recognize the Haytian Government, as we recognized our own Indian tribes, so far at least as to hold them responsible, and punish them for any wrong done to our citizens.

He wrote, in reply, that the President had ordered the Navy Department to send me a man-of-war. It was many weeks, lengthening into months, before the steamer *Vixen*, Capt. Ward commanding, came in obedience to that order.

Meanwhile, there was much to relieve the monotony of waiting. To our Consul, Mr Jonathan Elliott, I was indebted for many courtesies. He kindly shared with me his comfortable house and furniture, thereby saving me the trouble and greater expense of setting up a separate establishment for the short time I expected to stay. There was no hotel at which I could have lodged in comfort.

Senor Caminero, Minister of Foreign Relations, and Senor Delmonte, Minister of Hacienda (Treasury), were both graduates of the celebrated University of St. Tomas de Aquinas, at one time the alma mater of nearly all the educated youth of Spanish America. At the time of its destruction, in the general crash of the revolution, both were of its faculty—Caminero, Professor of Law; Delmonte, of Belles Lettres. The venerable Archbishop was pleased to give me much of his leisure time and aid me in searches among the ruins. In the floor of the Cathedral was a much worn stone, evidently a memorial of some one high in authority. The lettering was so worn by feet and covered with dirt that neither the Archbishop nor any of his priests could decipher it, or know by tradition whom it commemorated. By his permission, I took my servant, with a tub of water and brush, and had the stone cleansed, until the name, Roderigo de Bastidas was plainly legible. This was probably, almost certainly, that Seville notary, whose name should not be forgotten, for he was distinguished from

other early Spanish discoverers by his kindness to the natives, and, like Columbus, he was imprisoned by Francisco de Bobadilla and sent back to Spain for trial, where he was acquitted of the charges brought against him. Notwithstanding his heavy losses by the foundering of his ships, his first voyage was so lucrative that he had a large fortune left after paying to the Crown one-fourth of his profits.

On learning that I greatly admired the magnificent altar piece of carved mahogany, which still remained but slightly injured, in the ruins of the Dominican convent, the Archbishop asked me to bring it to the United States, as a present from him to the Archbishop of Baltimore, whose diocese included Washington City, there to be placed in some Roman Catholic church. His hope was that it might serve to enlist the sympathies of the people of the United States for the protection of his flock against the barbarians of Hayti. Captain Ward and Engineer Archbold, of the *Vixen*, readily undertook its removal. We brought it safely to the Washington Navy Yard, where I turned it over to the Archbishop of Baltimore. It was a wonderful specimen of the sculptor's art. One peculiarity was that at a little distance and first sight the hundreds of carved roses all looked alike, but on close inspection no two were identical. There being no church in the diocese large enough for it, it was temporarily set up at Georgetown College, District of Columbia, where it overtopped the chimneys of a three-story brick building.

The General Henneken, before mentioned, was an Englishman, who had lived long on the island; had given much study to its early history and monuments, and had become a citizen of the Dominican Republic. He was an accomplished gentleman, quiet in manner, and brave as a lion. To express this last idea more forcibly, I might say, as brave as Pedro Santana or Felipe Alfon.

It was difficult to comprehend how two hundred men, armed only with machetes, could kill, capture and put to flight a well equipped army of seven thousand. I wished to see the battle ground. General Henneken went with me on a three days' horseback trip to

show where the Haytians were entrenched and their artillery planted; where Alfon and his one hundred men crossed the river and crept up to the Haytian left flank; and where he and Santana attacked in front. From what was accomplished with the machete and desperate valor of the Dominicans at Las Carreras, one can more readily comprehend how Gomez, Maceo, Garcia and other Cuban heroes, with the same weapon, drove the Spanish armies to take refuge in the fortified towns and trochas, leaving them masters of the open country.

Sir Robert Schomburgh was the British Consul General; a scholar and scientist, standing in the same rank with Humboldt in German literature. A classmate and friend of Prince Albert, he accompanied the Prince to England on his marriage to Queen Victoria. Through the Prince's influence he was appointed to run "the Schomburgh Line," so frequently mentioned of late in connection with the boundary question between Venezuela and Great Britain. He was a delightful companion, and we were almost daily together in morning and afternoon horseback rides. As he was a Briton by adoption, I may say that he and I, 50 years ago, began the *entente cordiale* now said to be ripening into an Anglo-American alliance.

One day a fleet appeared, manouevred and disappeared; came back next day and the next, but never near enough to make known with certainty the nationality. Mons. Place, the French Consul General, said that he knew, for certain, that it was the Haytian fleet waiting for an army to arrive and unite in a bombardment of the city by sea and land. Sir Robert Schomburgh also said that, by use of powerful glasses, he had ascertained that the mysterious fleet was Haytian. Consternation in the city was intensified by an exaggerated estimate of the savagery of the foe, and the idea that both Consuls sympathized with that foe.

I determined to prevent a bombardment, if possible. From the diplomatic point of view, I had grave doubts of the propriety of my action, but relied on its being approved by my government and the people, because it was in the interest of civilization and humanity. I called on

Senor Caminero and showed him my credentials as Minister Plenipotentiary. I explained frankly that I was far from sure of the ratification of a treaty by the Senate, under present conditions, and doubted whether our executive would wish me to negotiate for a treaty which the Senate might reject. But in the faint hope of thereby preventing the threatened bombardment, I wished to open negotiations at once. Then, if they would furnish me a vessel I would go out to the fleet and notify the admiral commanding that my negotiations could not be interrupted by a bombardment without grave offense to the United States Government. On my return I would meet the advancing army and give the same notice to the General in command.

The Dominicans chartered a little Dutch schooner, from Curacao. When we got near enough to the fleet I recognized the Spanish, not Haytian, flag. When I went on board the flagship and gave my name, the Admiral received me with all Spanish courtesy, and said, "Senor Calderon (Spanish Minister at Washington) wrote to me that you were somewhere in these waters." Then, excusing himself for so doing, he went to his desk, took from a file a letter, glanced at it, and, returning to me, said: "Yes, that is the name." Then he went on to offer me one of his ships to take me wherever I might wish to go or any dispatches I might wish to send.

How Senor Calderon knew of my movements, I cannot say. My supposition is that my arrival in mid-summer at Havana, when the yellow fever was epidemic, and more fatal than ever before known, was reported to him from Havana. Perhaps, too, he may have had notice of my visits to the State Department and White House and conferences with the Secretary and President just before my disappearance from Washington. Putting these few facts together with the astuteness of an old diplomat, he may have thought them of sufficient importance to be made known to the Admiral commanding the West Indian fleet.

When I told him I was going back to the City of Sto. Domingo as I came, he insisted on my remaining on his ship to dine with him; that he would take me in,



as near as he could venture without pilot, and send me ashore. He explained that he had never been in those seas before, and had been surprised to learn that there was not on any of his ships a modern chart on which he could rely. He needed two pilots to remedy the want of charts. I promised to get them for him; for which he assured me that he, his ships, officers and crews, were all at my disposal. He was a very courteous gentleman, and doubtless as brave as Cervera; for courtesy and courage are twin sisters. I regret that, from lapse of time and loss of papers during the late unpleasantness between the States, I can not now recall his name.

The President, Cabinet and chief men of the City had escorted me to the Dutch schooner at 2:30 a. m. They met me at the landing to escort me back to my lodgings. All recognized that I had proved myself their friend, and their gratitude was unstinted. Two aged matrons stopped me for an *embrazo*: that is to say, a kiss on each cheek and a hug for each kiss. They let me go with the prayer, "*Dios te guarda, hyo meo*" (God keep thee, my son). Pretty girls presented bouquets, as I passed. They did not claim an *embrazo*, but without that the recompense was ample for the loss of a night's sleep and the heroism of eating a good dinner in pleasant company on the flag ship of a Spanish admiral. As in most cases of yellow fever, there had been much fright without cause, and very little or no danger.

Nevertheless the scare caused by Mons. Place's suggestion of a Haytian bombardment might be a foreshadowing of what was then in contemplation and preparation by his Imperial Negro Majesty, Faustin the First. He was known to be making great efforts to get together a navy. He might soon send another army, larger, better equipped and not so easily panic-stricken as the last. There might then be no Santana, Alfon or Henneken to lead in driving them back. Could even that triad of Mars, Castor and Pollux repeat the miracle they had performed at Azua, on the banks of the Ocoa?

Talking one day with Caminero, Delmonte and Alfon, I said: "The problem presented by this island is white suprem-

acy with progressive civilization; or negro domination with retrogression into barbarism."

Later the Archbishop, to whom this had been repeated, said to me: "You are right; but what is to be the solution? Spanish rule was harsh; but subjugation by Soulouque would be worse, a hundred, yes, a thousandfold. We might put ourselves again under the protection of Spain. But you, by your Monroe doctrine, forbid that. Why do you play dog in the manger, and forbid an European government to do for us, for civilization and humanity, what you ought, but fail, to do yourselves?"

I made the best reply I could. The Arch Bishop was too good a Christian not to accept it politely and without showing that he thought it limped. I said that as an independent government they should find the solution by their own action and not by the intermeddling of a foreign government; and suggested a white immigration.

Here was a new idea, a new hope. They seized it eagerly. But where were white immigrants to come from? How could they be induced to come? How to be brought? Then came much discussion of details. A plan was finally agreed on, offering great inducements to immigrants and to capitalists to provide for their transportation. Among the inducements to immigrants were:

1. Freedom of religious worship.
2. Full citizenship from date of oath of allegiance to the Dominican Republic.
3. Exemption from taxes for a specified term of years.
4. Exemption from compulsory military service; with bounties and extra pay for volunteer service.

I promised that as soon as I reached home, I would, with the approval of the President and Secretary, endeavor to organize in the United States the Dominican Immigration and Transportation Company.

At last the Vixen came to take me to Port au Prince. The Germantown, Capt. Lowndes, and the Albany, Capt. Randolph, accompanied us. At Port au Prince I learned from our consul, Mr. Usher, that our commerce with Hayti was burdened with differential duties on our shipping and products, aggregating



a very large sum per annum, because of our refusal to recognize his Imperial Negro Majesty. I will not now undertake to give the figures; but the sum as stated by the consul astonished me.

The Haytian commissioner appointed to treat with me asked for time to examine into the claims. I replied that many of them were more than fifty years old; but as they were new to those then in office, I would grant the time asked, if the Haytian government, as an evidence of sincerity and good faith, would sign a protocol relieving our commerce from the burden of those differential charges. This was agreed to, and protocols exchanged.

We then returned to the city of Sto. Domingo, took on the altar piece, and with all the steam the Vixen could bear made for the Washington Navy Yard.

I submitted the white immigration plan to Secretary Clayton and President Taylor. They heartily approved. I then laid it before Mr. George Law, of New York City. He agreed to take the presidency of the company and advance the necessary capital for a line of steamers from New York to Puerta Plata, on the north coast, and other ports to be agreed on.

Then came President Taylor's sudden death from fatigue and exposure to the sun in laying the corner stone of the Washington monument. Mr. Fillmore became president. Mr. Webster took Mr. Clayton's chair in the State Department. I called on him and was very pleasantly received. When I mentioned San Domingo, he said that he was very busy just then; wanted to have a long talk with me on that subject, when he was more at leisure; and invited me to breakfast with him next morning for that purpose.

We sat long at the table after Mrs. Webster had excused herself. He listened, as I thought approvingly, while I talked of sympathy for the Dominican whites, of the monstrosity of Soulouque dominating waters so nearly contiguous to our own, and of the Dominican Immigration and Transportation Company. I left, feeling assured that I had found in him as zealous an advocate of white supremacy in the West Indies as Secretary Clayton or President Taylor. When I next saw him, without assigning any reason, he told me that he and President

Fillmore disapproved and would discourage the white immigration scheme. When this change of policy was made known to Mr. Law, he said that he would gladly have taken the management of the enterprise and advanced the required capital, the administration being favorable; but would not undertake it in face of the disapproval and opposition. I never ascertained what influences operated on Mr. Webster and President Fillmore. From some casual remarks made by Mr. Hunter, chief clerk of the State Department, about the large interests of a Boston merchant in Hayti and his zealous partisanship for the negro emperor Soulouque, I had reason to suspect that he had much to do with it.

As scrupulous in his regard for treaty obligations, neutrality laws and the claims of Spain, that other great soldier-president, Grant, was not more anxious than his predecessor, Taylor, to secure a naval station at Samana. His earnest and persistent efforts in that direction are too recent and wide known to require more comment.

If President Taylor had lived to serve out his term of office, the subsequent history of the Dominican Republic would have been very different from what it has been. A line of steamers would have given frequent, regular and speedy communication with the United States. An influx of white immigrants would have given security from Haytian invasion and peace. With security and peace, some of the elements of progress, which have so rapidly developed our Western States, would have been turned to its richer soil and other greater sources of wealth. To-day, instead of a wilderness, it would have been one beautiful garden of the Hesperides."

P S.—Since the above was written I have seen several machetes brought recently from Cuba and Puerto Rico. They are very different from the *machetes* of fifty years ago, with which Santana, Alfon and Henneken with two hundred Dominicans attacked and routed 7000 Haytians. They are twice as long and not so heavy in the back of the blade. A half century ago the *machete* was an agricultural implement. The greater length has been given to the modern *machete* for use as a military weapon.

# WHOM FIRST WE LOVE.

By EDWARD W. DUTCHER.

**D**OES your memory run back to the time long ago when spelling books were bound in board covers—the old old elementary kind, with a picture of a boy in an apple tree, an old man throwing grass at him; which proved unavailing, when he was obliged to bring him down with stones and made to beg the old man's pardon? And the moral: Where mild means do not serve to bring about the desired reformation, harsher measures must be used to compass the needed change of heart? And the old Ruger's arithmetic with the difficult example illustrated with a wood cut of a race between a hare and hound? If so, or if your experience does not date back to that era, yet grown to mature years, I want to tell you when you first "fell in love." Why it is worded in that precipitate manner I have never been able to fathom, but conclude it is the opposite of "falling out" in a quarrel.

You were a boy at that time and attended school in the old log school house along with other urchins of an age ranging from ten to fourteen years. This "ragged beggar sunning" had rough board seats running around next the wall, with the desk in front, so aptly described by Whittier in "School Days." How rough and uncouth you were, thus warding off the possibility of being considered girlish. You disliked girls, as a rule—willing to tolerate them, may be, but as the boys say nowadays, you had no use for them. They were the objects of your teasing proclivities, one being about as homely, in your estimation, as another.

In those days did you offer to carry their school books for them, or perform other little acts of kindness? Nothing of the kind is on record to your credit. If there was a boy of your acquaintance inclined to show the girls of his age any favors, he only brought upon himself the obloquy of the other boys, and was thenceforth barred from going with them where there was any bravery to be displayed. Your sister, if you had one, could do nothing with you. A superior

being, in your own estimation at least, you talked of pirates and robbers as if they were your playfellows.

When called to the recitation seat you always managed to occupy a place farthest from the girls of the class. You would strive to have the spelling lesson correct merely for the sake of keeping the little blue-eyed girl from leaving off at the head. What did you care? All girls had red hair, gray eyes and freckles, in your mental estimation. There was no place in your time, in all the twenty-four hours, for them. You were the embodiment of selfishness when it came to sharing with them any pleasure that came in your way.

But one day your place in the class was taken by a new scholar and by some unforeseen providence in your favor, although you considered it a misfortune, there was a vacant seat on the girl's side, which the teacher ordered you to take. There was a great rebellion in your breast with no alternative but to comply, which you did in a disdainful, skulking manner. Somehow your mind was diverted from your purpose to escape and you did not dare to glance over where the class of boys had gathered. You knew that they were ready to catch your eye, but you also knew what that meant, consequently you kept your guard, with every faculty armed to resist. The little girl who sat on your right seemed to be shy of you, but when you mumbled half to yourself that you could not get the correct answer to the example, she timidly whispered that you had multiplied wrong, and in pointing out the mischievous figure, her hand touched yours. Why you glanced up at her you did not know, never will know, nor will she ever find out why she raised her eyes to yours at the same instant, only to flash them back to her book again.

Have you ever forgotten the touch of that hand? Somehow there was a magic in it which was new to you, and when your eyes met hers for but the hundredth part of a second, something sprang up in your breast and your heart beat a little faster and a queer sensation came in your throat. When the recitation was over

and she whispered softly, "I'm glad you got it, Jimmy," you found yourself in your seat, but how you came there you did not know. Your first impulse was to glance across to her seat, which you involuntarily did, only to catch the droop of her eyes, and a blush that told something all vague to you.

When the school was dismissed and the boys went out with a whoop, you were as boisterous as the rest, and came very near getting into a fight with Tom Fields when he called out, "O Jimmy's in wid 'em, may be!" At home that night you were a little more gentle with the cat; in fact, you stroked its fur a long time over there in the corner. You also offered to show your sister how to get some of the examples for next day. You did not talk as much at the table as had been your custom, and your mother asked if you did not feel well. That night you did not get to sleep quite so easily as usual. A strange feeling crept over you as you half lost yourself, and your dreams were mixtures of "sums" and hands and "Jimmys," with other things of a misty nature which the morning did not let you forget.

The next day you went to school with a light heart, and with all the lessons at your tongue's end. How disappointed you were to find that she was not there! It was a dull, uninteresting day for you, and the teasing of the boys made you ill-natured. You were very lonely, but hardly knew why. Some one reported that Mollie Brown was ill at home with a severe cold. But you worried through the day some way, and through the following night, how, it would be difficult to tell; but the morning came at last, and you could hardly wait for the school hour, it seemed so slow.

About the first girl you met when the school house was reached was Mollie, who said "Good morning" to you, and you replied with a "Hullo!" You would have said more, but the bell rang, as bells have a habit of doing, just at the wrong time.

It is not necessary to relate how things went on, how her name seemed to you the jolliest you had ever heard; her hair the most perfect shade of auburn, arranged so becomingly, with the least little wave as it fell across either temple.

What a musical voice she had! And when she looked up and smiled it was more than a vision of dreams! Do you recall when you first "saw her home?" It was spelling school night, and whatever words you missed you did not miss Mollie. As you walked along with her hand grasping the elbow of your coat sleeve, there were bothersome spaces of silence hard to fill. (And now you wonder!) Although her home was a mile away, the distance was so short that night you thought she had made a mistake when she said: "Well, mamma is waiting for me. Good night, Jimmy!"

On your way home alone you cast fear to the winds, feeling a brave responsibility for something, you knew not what. You were happy in thinking of the strange possibilities that might come to pass. A sweet song was in your heart night and day. The dusty weeds by the roadside grew roses, and the little log house where Mollie dwelt was "Castle Beautiful." How well you recall the first party to which you were invited about this time. It was a "first come first served" affair, and you were there early, only too glad to find her there. That made it right for you to see her home when the time came. There was a game called "drop the handkerchief," and when your turn came you chose the fat girl, who stood next to Mollie, to ward off suspicion. She ran twenty times around the circle and gave it up. When it was ruled that you must try it again, Mollie caught you in going around twice. Then everybody accused you, and the fat girl did not speak to you again that evening! After that you made it a point to slight Mollie several times, but an explanation was made subsequently, which was not necessary, for she knew.

When Valentine day came, this is what Mollie found in her book:

"Even as the pearls that deck the sea,  
Dearest Mollie do I love thee!"

On the following morning this was found in yours:

"Could I but read the distant stars,  
I would unfold their brilliant leaves,  
And learn whate'er the truth might be—  
If flattering hope my heart deceives.

If each fair dream of future bliss,  
That rises when I think of thee,  
Must melt like flame-wreaths that repose  
At midnight on a sleeping sea!"

Whatever Mollie thought of your lines, her words to you were the most intense and soul stirring. The sentiment was so fine that to fully comprehend it, would have been sacrilege! There was a lofty thought in it, far beyond the ability of any other girl in the school to portray!

But, after all, there was something holy and heavenly about it—your first love. If heaven is love, there will never be more than that you first experienced. The sunsets were so beautiful and the mornings so delightful!

Flowers sprang up where you had not seen them before. In fact, you had not noticed before how fair the world was, and with what exquisite taste things had been arranged. Your thoughts were centered in one spot and there was one face ever before you which ever way you turned. You loved your mother with a tender devotion and you were extremely kind to your sister, only wishing for the opportunity to do some little act of kindness, and all because there was a presence ever beside you, unseen, silent and lovable!

After a time changes came and circumstances brought about partings. The world grew wider as manhood possessed you, and the boyhood home seemed narrow and void of ambition's needs. You looked out beyond the face, but still clung to the hopes it gave. You spoke to her of your thoughts and she turned her face away that you might not see the tears. And then smiling through them, she said: "Good-bye—Jimmy—" and then you kissed her speech into silence, and went! Hard though it was, it came all too true one day, and you found yourself miles away, amid new scenes, of which you wrote with all the tenderness of a girl. You do not recall how you got along through the struggle, but new fields opened before you, new faces were not unattractive, others came across your path, and one day you actually forgot to write! There was music in other voices and songs, and light in other eyes. Then the letters were made briefer, grew less frequent—a week—two weeks between, a promise to do better—upbraidings, then silence!

Tender thoughts go back still of what might have been, but the poet's words are exemplified:

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed!"

#### WHO KNOWS?

Who knows but what the tender word,  
The handshake—or, perchance the kiss  
Bestowed on yon poor shrinking soul,  
May be the gentle benison that lifts  
Its dimming eye to a higher goal?

Who knows but what that timely act,  
That gracious smile so freely given,  
May prove to be the beacon light  
That turns some sinful stumbling feet  
Into the path that leads to right?

Who knows but in that last dark hour  
When we, to our earthly end, draw nigh,  
Some kindly spirit may clasp our hand,  
And, as we did to that weary soul,  
Lead us up to the better land?

—Norman H. Crowell.

# THE PLAYERS

## THE FRENCH OPERA COMPANY.

The impression seems to be prevalent throughout the country that no dramatic or operatic production can be successful until it has been approved by New York audience and *critiques*; but every fall there comes to New Orleans, straight from Paris, a company whose vocation it is to sing grand French opera. Something like fifty years ago, the French Opera Company invaded New York at the close of their engagement in the Crescent City; but the result was not such as to justify a second experiment, so since that time they have invariably returned to Paris after their season in the Southern city.

After all these years, they have decided to again tempt the fates; but this time in St. Louis. Monsieurs Charley and Durieu will bring their aggregation to St. Louis immediately after the carnival, for a two weeks' engagement; and if the plan is successful, we are promised a full month in 1900.

This company has created a profound sensation in New Orleans, where it has produced the grandest of grand operas during a season of over three months. The season to be inaugurated in St. Louis will have as a main feature, a change of opera at every performance. The repertoire will be given from the following list of operas: "La Juive", "The Huguenots", "The Prophet", "Tannhauser", "The Queen of Sheba", "La Navarraise", "La Africaine", "Cavalleria Rusticana", "Robert the Devil", "Faust", "Sigurd", "La Vivandiere", "Barbier de Seville", etc.

## "THE REV. GRIFFITH DAVENPORT."

"The Rev. Griffith Davenport," a new play in five acts by James A. Hearne, was produced January 31 at the Herald Square Theatre. The drama is founded on Helen H. Gardner's novel, "An Unofficial Patriot," and is a splendid work of art, magnificent in construction and of telling force.

The story begins at the home of Rev. Griffith Davenport, a Virginia Methodist

circuit rider, in 1860. The preacher has inherited slaves but becoming convinced that it is wrong, he resolves never to buy or sell a human being. Bradley, a neighboring planter, in order to pay a gambling debt, decides to sell John, one of his slaves, who is the husband of Sallie, a slave of Mr. Davenport's, to a man from New Orleans. Sallie pleads with the preacher to buy John, and prevent the threatened separation. At first he refuses on the plea that it would be a violation of his principles either to buy or sell any human being; but finally at the request of Mrs. Davenport, he yields and pays the \$600 for John. In this scene, appears Squire Nelson driving two negroes in chains. Jack, for whom the Squire paid \$1500, has rebelled.

Davenport grows more and more decided in his anti-slavery views and his neighbors finally call in a body and remonstrate with him; but all to no purpose—he resolves to free every slave he owns, and does so. The slaves however, refuse to accept the proffered freedom, and destroy the papers which gave them their liberty, as they in common with the majority of the negroes of the period have a contempt for a "free nigger."

At this moment Nelson's slave Jack, rushes into the room pursued by his master with drawn revolver, and Jack rather than be taken, cuts his own throat.

Then comes the election of Abraham Lincoln and the knowledge that Davenport has voted for him. He is warned by his neighbors to leave the country or his house will be burned down over his head, and so he goes to Washington resolved to remain neutral during the conflict which is now inevitable.

A year and a half later the Union Army are in sore straits, without either accurate maps or competent guides, and Lincoln orders Davenport to act in the latter capacity for the Union forces, which after considerable hesitation, he finally consents to do.

He leads the boys in blue within a few miles of his old home. Here he learns





*Columbia Theatre Comedy Company.*

ADELE BLOCK.  
BENJ. HOWARD.

MAYE LOUISE AIGEN.

ELEANOR ROBSON.  
FRANCIS BYRNE.



that his two sons have been married, one is a confederate soldier and the other wears a uniform of blue. Eventually the preacher is taken captive by a Confederate force under command of his son and is hurried to Libby Prison to prevent him from being hung as a spy. The last act closes with the preacher bidding farewell to his old wife on the porch of his own home; and he sings to her the songs of other and brighter days as he folds her to his heart in a last long embrace.

"ZAZA."

One of the most conspicuous New York successes this season is Mrs. Leslie Carter's production of "Zaza," a play in five acts, adapted from the French by David Belasco.

Mrs. Carter is invariably successful in whatever she presents, particularly so in New York and the S. R. O. sign is in evidence at every performance of "Zaza," notwithstanding the fact that the theme is old.

Zaza is a girl of humble origin, having been raised by a drunken aunt, and taught to sing by Cascart, a strolling musician. The play opens with Zaza and Cascart at a concert hall at St. Etienne. Here she meets Bernard Dufrene, a gentleman, and these two representatives of the extremes of society promptly become desperately enamored of each other; and in the second act we find them living together in a little cottage in the forest.

Zaza's love for Dufrene brings out all that is good in her nature and she earnestly endeavors to bring herself up to his level, and make herself more worthy of his love. Here Cascart finds her, and failing in his efforts to lure her back to her old life, he tells her that Dufrene has a wife in Paris. Zaza, beside herself with grief, rage, and jealousy, resolves to visit the home of her paramour and make his wife as miserable as she is herself.

The next scene finds Zaza in a room in Dufrene's house, awaiting the return of the wife. Before the arrival of Madame, Bernard's little daughter enters the room and talks to Zaza with the innocent frankness of childhood; so that her heart becomes softened, and she sacrifices her revenge for the sake of his child and leaves the house without seeing Madame.

The next scene is again in the cottage

at St. Etienne, where Zaza tells Dufrene of her visit to Paris. Bernard flies into a rage and, with brutal words, makes her understand the difference between the wife and the mistress, whereupon, Zaza orders him to leave her presence forever.

A year later Zaza has become famous, having returned to the stage, and Bernard, who has returned from America where he has been with his wife, again tries to win her. He offers to leave his family—make any sacrifice—if she will only return to him; but Zaza sends him back to the child on whose account she had first renounced him.

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Olga Nethersole has not acted in New York for several seasons, but reappeared recently, at Wallack's Theatre in that city, in the new poetical drama called "The Termagant," which was written for her by the author of "Rosemary." We would judge from the verdict of the New York press, that St. Louis theatre goers have a treat in store for them when Miss Nethersole produces this play at the Olympic Theatre in March. Miss Nethersole's acting of the title role is said to be most artistic and effective, and in depicting the alterations of temper and tenderness, this clever little woman gave evidence of her unusual versatility. The stage settings are artistic, and the costumes elaborate, but her support is said to be, not quite up to the mark.

The story of the play deals with the love affairs of Beatrix of Moya, nicknamed the "Termagant", on account of her violent temper. She, like a great many others whom we meet every day, affects to scoff at all tender emotions, but in secret cherishes a deep love for Roderigo the explorer.

After his return from his voyage, Roderigo, in his haste to pay suit to Beatrix, appears before her all "tattered and torn", 'unshaven and unshorn', and Beatrix, disgusted with his appearance, repulses his attentions and orders him away. The explorer, however, is not to be dismissed so easily, and realizing the mistake he had made, with the assistance of Nicolo, endeavors to make himself more presentable and attractive. Later Beatrix reappears and failing to recognize the doughty explorer in his fresh attire, confesses that she really cares for Roderigo, whereupon he dis-



FLORENCE MODENA.

*An Actress of marked ability who has recently gone into Vaudeville.*

closes his identity; but instead of bringing the strange creature to his arms as he expected, this sends her away again in another mad burst of temper. Roderigo evidently believed that "faint heart never won a fair lady" and is finally rewarded by the return of the Termagant and her acknowledgment of her love for him.

At this point another story of love and jealousy comes into the play. Felipa, the wife of Gazman, who is away at the wars, is in love with Garcia, and has been wronged by him. When Roderigo discovers her unfaithfulness to her husband, he thinks the only thing he can do is to save her from public disgrace. While engaged in the good work, the Termagant suspects that he is in love with Felipa and her jealousy is increased by Garcia, who thinks at last he sees a chance to win her for himself. Failing in this he murders Roderigo and escapes with Felipa. Beatrix then comes to the tardy conclusion that she has misjudged her lover, and sends a band of minstrels to search for him, and in the mean time prepares a magnificent celebration at the palace. The courtiers return bearing the lifeless body of Roderigo, and she, overcome with grief, kills herself with the poison contained in a ring worn by the dead hero.

#### "THE GREAT RUBY."

The scenery to be used in Augustine Daly's production of "The Great Ruby," is of such dimensions that there is only one theatre in New York having a stage at all adequate for the proper mounting of the play. The second act requires a depth of seventy feet, and for the baloon scene, the stage must sink twenty feet.

The theatre was crowded to the doors at the initial performance at Daly's Theatre on February 9th, and the story of the play reads like that of a sensational novel. It is a return to melodrama, and it is most gratifying to learn that the public taste has again turned toward this romantic and artistic form of entertainment. A few years ago it seemed that the theatre was to be turned over again to the frothiest sort of entertainment but like all fads and fashions, buffoonery will in future be conspicuous by its absence, and the romantic actor in the good old fashioned, melodrama will again occupy the boards.

#### STAGE CENSORS.

There seems to be a demand for a censor on the stage in New York City. How strong the demand is, we cannot judge at this distance, but it exists and it is possible that such an office will be created; and we certainly think that it should be created. It seems that most of the plays which have succeeded in New York this season have been of the *risque* order. If we can judge from the newspaper comments, Orange Blossoms, which was stopped by the police in New York two years ago, was not so bad as a number of plays which are attracting considerable attention as well as patronage from the better classes, and at the best theatres. For instance, "Zaza" is based solely upon vice and is strongest where it is most unwholesome. One of the New York papers says that it has the strength of "Camille" and "Sappho," with less of suggestion and more of boldness." The "Conquerors," which was booked for a two weeks' engagement in St. Louis last fall, is another drama of this order and played to empty benches in this city. Another that is suggestive, is the "Telephone Girl," and "The Turtle" is said to be the worst of the lot; and so we might go on and enumerate if we had time and space.

While it is true that these plays truthfully depict a certain phase of real life, it is a phase which the stage had better leave alone, and of which our wives and sisters had better remain in ignorance. No good can come of a play when it offers as its chief elements, jealousy, revenge and evil. We are not speaking from the standpoint of the clergy, nor is it our desire to enter upon a wholesale denunciation of the stage; but we cannot believe that the class of plays recently in vogue in New York can have a healthy or beneficial effect. They surpass anything known of the theatre in modern times and heavy hands should be laid upon their inventors and promoters.

#### THE LOCAL DRAMA.

Unquestionably the local theatre calendar for March is the best of the season. As is always the case there are several new productions and some old favorites.

Olga Nethersole is the first attraction at the Olympic, in "The Termagant," "The Second Mrs. Tanquary," and her



MAUD ADAMS. (Photo by Sarony.)

old repertoire which is always popular in the chief city of the Midland.

The reception accorded Stuart Robson on the occasion of his last visit to our city, was anything but flattering to that veteran actor; and we are surprised to learn that he will return to the Olympic Theatre in March. Last season Mr. Robson produced "The Jucklings" at the Century Theatre but met with a chilling frost. He returned to us this season with "The Meddler," but this was accorded no more cordial a reception than "The Jucklings." That Mr. Robson is an actor of marked ability there is no doubt; but these two plays were hardly suited to him, or he to them, if you prefer; but we feel assured that St. Louis will never weary of seeing him in "The Comedy of Errors," "The Henrietta," or "She Stoops to Conquer."

Following Robson at the Olympic is "On and Off" with May Lambert in the cast. This delightful comedy was here last season, but returns this time with new jokes and new songs. The "On and Off" company has a corner on Mays. There is May Lambert, May Buckley and May Gallagher in the cast, and when the stage manager calls May there is a rush from all three.

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The offerings at the Century Theatre for the current month are possibly even better than those at the Olympic. Clay Clement begins the month with an old play and a new one. He produced the "New Dominion" here last season and it was well received. This time he returns with "A Southern Gentleman," also a comedy drama, added to his repertoire. Clement is a rising actor of the younger school and his new play has been pronounced good wherever it has been presented.

Another favorite of yesterday, Jefferson De Angeles, comes to us this season in a new opera "The Jolly Musketeers." De Angeles is one whom we never tire of seeing, and we are always more than glad when we hear that he is to pay us another visit.

Following the Jolly Musketeers is De Wolf Hopper in the Charlatan. We clip the following from the "Mirror" which expresses our sentiments to a T.

And the cheeriest art,

Outrageously funny, though proper,

Find the quaintest of all—

The exceedingly tall,

Delightful, ridiculous Hopper.

"He that makes people laugh,  
Is more noble by half  
Than is the glum tragic tiptopper,  
And the laugh that is best,  
And the jolliest jest,  
Are those of the humorous Hopper."

Last season Julia Arthur appeared at the Century Theatre in "A Lady of Quality," and though she was well received we think she was hardly accorded the patronage she deserved; and we trust she will meet with a more cordial reception when she returns to us in March. Miss Arthur is undoubtedly one of the most able and finished actresses on the American stage. She deserves to succeed and unquestionably will triumph finally.

\* \* \*

The bookings for the month of March at the Columbia Theatre indicate that some splendid attractions of fashionable vaudeville will be presented by Managers Salisbury and Tate, for the amusement of the large clientele of vaudeville lovers which that house enjoys. The management announce that it is their aim to present each week one or more features which are so distinctly novel, and so much above the average of vaudeville acts, as to be alone worth the price of admission; and we believe they are succeeding, judging from some of the attractions offered for the month of March, a partial list of which is appended herewith. Some of the most prominent are Felix Morris, the well known English comedian; Alice Atherton, she of the infectious laugh; Charles W. Bowser and company in the clever comedy, "A Chicago Drummer"; Marshall P. Wilder, the famous *reconteur* and humorist, the acknowledged leader in his peculiar line of work; and Krause and Rosa, singing comedians, who give presentations ranging from operatic airs to impersonations of dusky-hued and tow-headed pickaninies in wooden shoes who sing familiar and tuneful "coon songs." There is also J. H. Stoddard, one of the legitimates who has gone in for vaudeville recently, and assisted by Mrs. Raymond will present a comedy sketch which is said to be very meritorious. Batty's bears, and the cat, dog, and monkey exhibitions, are so popular with the little folks,





JULIA ARTHUR, IN "A LADY OF QUALITY."

that the management have engaged Howards ponies, whose performance is of the same grade of novelty.

A novelty which has been introduced during the past month is the establishment of the Columbia Theatre Comedy Company, a carefully selected organization on the principle of the stock company, which presents one good comedy each week, with special scenery and elaborate stage setting and effects. The Company is the Salisbury Stock Company which has just closed a notably successful season of thirty-five weeks at Milwaukee and includes May Louise Aigen, Adele Block, Eleanor Robson, Benjamin Howard, Francis Byrns, John Dailey Murphy, and Earl Sterling; under the direction of Richard Baker. The establishment of a permanent comedy company in connection with vaudeville is a new departure, and it is impossible to say or to form any idea, what will be the outcome of the venture. As we go to press, this company has given only one performance but if we can judge from the reception accorded them by the public on that occasion, it will become one of the leading and most popular features of this very popular play house.

The Imperial stock company continues to be popular, but the personnel of the company is not quite up to the standard which Messrs. Jannopoulos and Gumpertz announced would always be maintained. This is not meant, as a sweeping assertion, to include all the members of the company at the present time; but we do say that while there are some able and efficient people in the cast, there are not so many as formerly. They are giving good healthy bills, however, and they are well staged.

Manager Giffen of the Grand Opera House, has certainly made some radical changes and marked improvements since he took charge a month ago. Few managers attempt to produce such a play as "An Enemy to the King," and others which he has in prospect for the near future, not alone on account of the royalty which he must pay the author, but because it requires most elaborate stage settings. The public should appreciate the efforts, that are made along this line and accord the

Grand their hearty support and patronage.

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Last but not least among the good things offered for March is the Ellis Opera Company with Melba and Alvarez as the drawing cards. There will only be one performance, and the Music Hall will undoubtedly be filled to its utmost capacity on that occasion.

#### STAGE NOTES.

Viola Allen, who is starring as Gloria Quale in "The Christian", will remain several weeks longer at the Garden Theatre, New York.

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Sir Henry Irving is undergoing treatment for old age by electrical appliances at the hands of Dr. Julius Althaus, of London. The current is applied at the base of the brain and the center of the forehead. It is said that his condition at present is pitiable indeed.

\* \* \*

Grace Rutter has left Hoyt's "A Day and a Night" company and has signed with Daniel Frohman.

\* \* \*

James O'Neill will present "The Musketeers," Sidney Grundy's version of the "Three Guardsmen," at the Broadway Theatre on March 13th. There will be over one hundred people in the cast.

\* \* \*

Another company will start out shortly to play "The Turtle" in the eastern cities.

\* \* \*

Helen Robertson, who was formerly a member of the Grand Opera House stock company during Col. Hopkin's regime, has made a hit in the "Rev. Griffith Davenport."

\* \* \*

The stage upon the stage has been a frequent occurrence in new plays this season.

\* \* \*

Marie Wainwright is said to be a winner in Texas, where she has had immense audiences.

\* \* \*

Maude Adams broke all records at the National, Washington, D. C., last week. The receipts went over \$14,000, and this when everything and everybody was frozen up.



VIOLA ALLEN. (*Photo by Morrison.*)

It is said that Mabel Fenton Ross is tired of acting, and is anxious to retire from the stage.

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"Nathan Hale" is drawing crowded houses to the Knickerbocker Theatre nightly, and at every performance Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott are given curtain calls.

\* \* \*

Miss Julia Arthur, whose season in New York closed rather suddenly, is reported to have said that "New York wants only rag-time plays." Miss Arthur, or rather her lawyer, denies that she

at the Lyceum, in New York, has only two women characters; they have been allotted to Mary Mannering and Helda Speng.

\* \* \*

Here is what Mrs. Leslie Carter says of her new play, "Zaza": "In French the play is unpresentable. Zaza remains bad to the end. But in Mr. Belasco's translation Zaza is transformed by her love and by the appeal which the child makes to her latent goodness. She reforms. She leaves the man who has so cruelly deceived her and tries to lead a new life. The difference between her and Camille?



MARIE BURROUGHS. (Photo by Morrison.)



DE WOLF HOPPER.

ever made any such aspersion upon the tastes of New York playgoers. One could almost forgive her if she had made such a remark, for it is not without some foundation. It is a fact that when Miss Arthur produced Shakespeare, she played to comparatively empty benches. Perhaps the reason for this was that her support was so poor. It is very difficult to make stars understand that they should shine in a firmament, and not in a little cloud all by themselves.

\* \* \*

"The Sowers," a new play in rehearsal

It is this: Camille knows better; Zaza does not. Camille is badness idealized; poor Zaza is only a woman throughout her stormy history."

\* \* \*

Charles Coghlan will produce his new drama of the French Revolution at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on April 10th.

\* \* \*

Richard Mansfield began his Boston engagement with Katherine Grey as Roxane. Maragret Anglin is appearing in "The Musketeers" at the Broadway Theatre.

# THE GAME OF DEATH.

By W. OAKLEY STOUT.

IT is not always easy to distinguish between the brave man and the coward. The one who, under certain conditions, appears brave, under other conditions often shows all the "hall marks" of a coward. I have heard one spoken of in awed whispers: "What a brave man! Doesn't know what fear is." Brave? Nonsense. The average house fly doesn't know what fear is, but no one ever accused her of bravery. It is the man who not only knows what fear is but feels it, yet stands doggedly facing that fear because someone once coined those little words—"honor—duty"—who is the truly brave man. The man who possesses physical or moral courage only will be brave or cowardly according to circumstance; the man who has both—ah! he and no other is the hero.

Have you ever known one who could stand calmly, even joyfully, amid popping six-shooters and flying lead and yet whose fear of death, when on his sick bed, was pitiful? Or the one who had the courage to uphold his convictions in the face of a world's ridicule and who was afraid of the dark? I once knew a man who, single handed, fought all one day with a band of "Rustlers" and in the end beat them off and saved his stock. He told me afterwards that he wished that they had done for him, because, when he dragged himself home, he had fallen exhausted upon the floor and the blood from his wounds had ruined their one carpet—the pride of his wife's heart.

Then there was Juan Trujillo, who smoked cigarettes and made sport of the amateur surgeon who, with a sheath knife and carpenter's saw was having a bad time amputating the leg that was crushed when Juan fainted away from fright and fell down the shaft because he thought he saw the ghost of a miner that was killed there months before. I might go on almost indefinitely enumerating such instances; but that is not my purpose, for this is to be the story of two men as to whose bravery you must judge for yourself.

Not one of the ten thousand inhabitants of Lake Valley doubted Tim Lannon's bravery. If the action of this tale had taken place six months before, I should have been forced to say—not one of the five hundred inhabitants; if two years later, my census would have perforce suffered a still greater reduction, for Lake Valley was at very near the apex of its great silver boom. The Rio Grande narrow gauge had, day after day, dumped its loads of human freight upon that desert, the hideousness of which no one seemed to see, because, blinded by the white glint of the metal which feverish hands tore from the seemingly inexhaustable store held in this hip-pocket of the earth. The once white-topped cruising wagon still crawled like the links of an endless chain toward this sprocket wheel which would soon send the links again trailing through the sand and dust of the New Mexican desert toward some other center which would in turn hurry them on—truly an endless, ever moving chain. Ever moving, because it is so hard for the baser metal to live quietly and peacefully in the presence of the precious metal.

Every available spot in the vicinity of Lake Valley had its tent or "dobe" and ten thousand excited human beings almost succeeded in awakening the pioneer "Greaser" from his natural comatose condition. Not one of those ten thousand doubted the bravery of Tim Lannon. Three men, with reputations to sustain, had, at different times, questioned Tim's courage: In each case, after twenty-four hours, my statement would still hold good. Since the passing of those three, no one had cared to hint that perhaps somewhere in this wicked world lived one who was Tim's equal. He had come to the camp with a reputation, and that reputation did not suffer any after the day that he stood by his mortally wounded prospecting partner and, by what seemed a miracle, lugged him into camp with a score of Apache devils at his heels. He might easily have escaped himself and his partner begged him to do so, but Tim swore that if his partner couldn't stake out his last claim with his hair on, they'd



pass in their checks together. So Tim's bravery was never successfully questioned until the day "His Nibs" drifted into camp.

That morning the usual crowd was gathered around the platform as the Rio Grand puffed in. As a matter of course Tim was there to stamp the new arrivals with his mark of approval or disapproval and to indulge his wit at their expense and for the gratification of his friends. His Nibs was the last to leave the train. His Nibs was not the name of the young fellow who stood for a moment on the platform of the car, but "His Nibs" he became before his foot rested upon Lake Valley soil. The name with which a man was christened counted for little in that western country. If the new comer had not already blotted out his former identity by assuming a name that bore little semblance to the one under which he had traveled in other climes, the community, into which he amalgamated himself was not slow in remedying the oversight, and Mr. Rich of New York and Mr. Brown of Denver, soon became "Squint-Eyed Pete" and "Nine-Spot Joe," of Lake Valley.

Tim was not very set in his opinion of men or deeds. As long as the man interfered not with him or his reputation, Tim was not apt to interfere with the man. As for deeds, few actions troubled his mind unless the action happened to be toward the hip; even that affected the originator more seriously than Tim, as witnessed several mounds on the slope back of the camp. There was one type of man, or rather "thing"—looking through Tim's eyes—that he would not abide. This man, thing—or whatever you choose to call it—was what Tim dubbed a "dood." One could wear the shingling of silk hats and the biggest of diamonds in his shirt front and Tim might never even notice him, but let another commit the unpardonable sin of appearing in Lake Valley in what Tim considered "dood duds," and the sooner shook the dust of the camp from his feet, the better for him. Several "correct" Easterners had come to Lake Valley in search of wealth and had gone hence in quest of peace.

His Nibs was unquestionably the most pronounced type of the species that had

yet attempted to grace Lake Valley with his immaculate presence; and he had no sooner reached the platform than all eyes turned toward him and back again to Tim, while every one held his breath, awaiting the move that he knew was sure to follow. His Nibs had scarcely placed his grips upon the platform before Tim was at his side: He touched his hat respectfully and gave the young man a most effusive welcome to the camp, telling him how delighted the citizens would be to learn of his arrival, and begging to be allowed the honor of assisting him with his baggage.

The young fellow was somewhat taken aback by the courtesy of this total stranger, but never before having been in a mining camp, and having read of the rough western hospitality, he accepted the courtesy in the spirit in which he imagined it had been offered. He thanked Tim, saying that he would carry his luggage himself, but would indeed be grateful if Tim would show him to the hotel.

The young fellow's polished manner only made Tim despise him the more, and, as they walked toward the camp, Tim winked slyly to the crowd that followed not so near as to spoil the game but near enough to see the fun.

"Ye'll find the country a bit rough after your life of ease in the East, I reckon."

This was Tim's usual perfunctory remark, and was intended to, and hitherto, always had, drawn out the victim and led up to some good climax.

The heart of His Nibs had warmed with gratitude toward this rough man, who—without any reason whatever, he thought—was attempting to give him a warm welcome into this unknown country. He told Tim that he was not afraid of its roughness. That, from what he had already experienced, he knew that its roughness meant warmth, just as the polish of the east stood for coldness.

Tim didn't know just how to take this speech. It was different from the usual reply, and rather phased him, but only for a minute.

"Yer right about it's being a warm country," he said, "altogether too warm for a good many. But we're glad to see you—very glad. Reckon there wouldn't be no one gladder less it might be them

bank officials back east, hey?" His Nibs looked at Tim questioningly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I don't think I quite understand you."

Tim was encouraged. "Oh, I was just thinking that we'd hate ter have ye go back a blamed sight worse than you'd hate ter go back."

His Nibs began to think that his new friend had mistaken him for someone expected; then he noticed, for the first time, the following crowd, and caught the wink Tim tipped them, and it was all clear to him. A light came into his usually mild blue eyes such as had flashed there during his college days when the ball had been passed to him for the play that was to mean defeat or victory for his varsity team. The play in which he knew that everything depended upon his pluck and skill. Those who had known him on the gridiron knew what that light meant. Tim didn't.

Tim was beginning to grow impatient. None of his sallies had brought about the expected climax. He knew what the following crowd expected; he also knew that to disappoint them would not add to his reputation. He had one shot left that had never failed to find its mark when all the rest had over or under shot. He fired it. It was a very clever thrust in its way. It touched, not too delicately, upon the "woman in the case." If Tim had known the real facts about the "woman in the case" I think he would never have made the speech, for, although prejudiced and misguided, he was not bad at heart. But Tim didn't know the facts in the case—he did not know anything for fully ten minutes after the words left his lips, for, as he spoke, the light in His Nibs' eyes grew fiercer, the veins in his temples swelled, and, almost before the words were out, his arm—muscled by years of athletic training—swung, and the king of Lake Valley sprawled unconscious in the dust.

When His Nibs came into the office of "The Diggings," after leaving his luggage in the room assigned him by "Hash" Ornsby, the proprietor of the hotel, he saw a goodly proportion of the population of Lake Valley craning their necks for a glimpse of the man who had dared raise his hand against Tim. Tim was not there yet. He had not fully recovered from

the effects of that terrible right-hander. He was doctoring his head and swearing that His Nibs would never swing another such blow. It was now "shoot at sight" between them.

No one in Lake Valley doubted what that meant when Tim was a party. Another mound on the slope, and Tim still king of the camp. There were even some who felt sorry for His Nibs. The man who could drive a fist like that must have some good points, notwithstanding his "dood duds." Such a man might even make a reputation. It was too bad that such a career was to be nipped in the bud. Yes, it was a pity, but it couldn't be helped now.

As His Nibs entered the office, "Hash" Ornsby separated himself from the crowd and came toward him. "Hash" was the most popular man in camp, as Tim was the most feared; he was a sure shot, but never exhibited his marksmanship upon his fellow townsmen. He believed in peace and enjoyed it. He also believed in fair play and usually saw that a man had it. Ornsby addressed His Nibs in a low voice, into whose face a look of surprise came as he followed his host into a little room back of the office.

"You'd better put on your guns," was the first thing "Hash" said.

"I have none," replied His Nibs. Ornsby noticed the surprised look on the newcomer's face and felt sorry for him. "I'll loan you mine," he said.

When His Nibs replied that he did not wish to carry a gun, "Hash" gazed at him questioningly. He wondered what kind of a man this was. That he was the tenderest of "tenderfeet" in one sense he hadn't the slightest doubt. Whether the nerve he had credited him with was there or not, he wondered. He hoped so for he liked the fellow.

"Look here, young fellow," he continued, "I don't usually mix up in these brawls but I've taken a likin' to you and I want to see you get fair play. You don't seem to realize the consequence of what you've done; you've insulted a man that never yet let a man insult him and live."

"But I didn't insult him," His Nibs interrupted, "He insulted me and I resented it."

"That makes no difference, you struck him and that means that one of you must

press dirt. If you aren't used to shootin' irons I'll let you have mine and fix it so you can get some practice afore he gets at you; I don't reckon it'll do much good but it'll give you a shadow of a chance. He's sure and quicker than lightning. Can you shoot at all?"

His Nibs' face grew pale and Ornsby, noticing it, thought it was from fear. "Yes" he answered slowly, "I can shoot." Then he buried his face in his hands and his voice shook with emotion, "I don't suppose there's a man in the west quicker or surer than I, there wasn't in the East."

"Hash" leapt to his feet and the look of pity upon his face turned to scorn.

"Great God, sir," he cried, "you've the face to tell me that and yet refuse to fight the man that's layin' for you! You're a coward, are you?"

His Nibs had also risen. His countenance was pale as death and the muscles in his face twitched convulsively.

"No," he said, "I'm no coward. You can't understand. I'm not afraid of death, but—" his emotion overcame him. He grasped him by the arm and his words came thick and fast. "My God, man, if you knew what I've suffered because of those 'Devil's Tools'! If you knew that I'd rather your camp terror would fill me with lead than touch one of those cured death dealers again; that I'd suffer a thousand deaths rather than that another white face should haunt my dreams!" His hands trembled and his eyes dilated as he gave way to his long pent emotion and poured forth words that nothing could have drawn from him had he not lost control of himself.

"I was the best shot in college. No one could approach me for quickness and accuracy. I was engaged to be married. I shot the brother of the girl I loved. God knows it was an accident! but the only witness, who also loved the girl, swore that I did it purposely in the heat of anger. I feared I could not prove my innocence before a jury when even the girl who claimed to love me believed me guilty. Like a fool I fled." He trembled so that Ornsby thought he would fall, but almost as suddenly as he had lost control of himself, he regained his composure and, releasing his hold on Ornsby's arm, he said, "You must pardon me for

giving way to my feelings, but I've suffered so that I'm scarcely sane at times. Don't bother about me. I swore that I'd never touch a revolver again even in self defense and it's too soon now to break my resolve. I came out here to bury myself anyway; and I guess I'll do it in dead earnest!" he added with a forced smile.

Ornsby grasped him by the hand. By heavens," he cried, "you are a game one! They may kill you but the man who calls you coward will settle with me."

Ornsby wanted to tell the fellows why His Nibs wouldn't carry a gun but His Nibs wouldn't listen to it and so they re-entered the office of the hotel.

Without glancing at the crowd, His Nibs left the office and walked up the street followed by the eyes of all.

Before he reached the corner the crack of a revolver rang out. Ornsby shuddered and a cry of amazement came from the crowd, for His Nibs did not fall although the blood started from where Tim's ball had razed the cheek. For the first time within memory, Tim had missed his man. "Too mad to shoot straight," someone said. He was right.

His Nibs did not even show surprise at the shot. He wiped the blood from his face and walked to where Tim stood, too dazed to move, let alone to try another shot.

"I meant to apologize to you," he said, for striking you without giving you a chance to defend yourself, but I think we're quits now. I did wrong to strike you, perhaps, but no one but a coward would shoot at an unarmed man." Then he turned and went back through the crowd at the "Diggings" without even glancing over his shoulder.

Excitement was no stranger at the camp but never had Lake Valley been so wrought up as when the news of His Nibs' act spread. For once the pursuit of wealth took a back seat and men stood about the streets talking over the situation while Tim frothed and foamed and swore that if His Nibs hadn't the courage to arm and fight like a man, he would shoot him like a cur. He was sure that His Nibs was relying upon his belief that Tim would not dare shoot an unarmed man, and there were many who were of the same opinion.

They could not understand how anything but fear would now keep him from fighting it out in the usual way. One thing was certain, either His Nibs must fight or the camp would become a very unpleasant abode for him. Ornsby begged to be allowed to explain His Nibs' reasons for refusing to resort to six shooters but he would not listen to it. Finally things came to such a pass that something had to be done. Come what might, he was determined not to leave the camp and at last a desperate idea came to him and he laid it before "Hash." Ornsby grew pale when he heard the plan but its novelty and desperate nature appealed to him and he carried it to Tim.

Even Tim was staggered by the proposal but he knew it would not do for him to object to even such a contest so he agreed. He had little doubt that the outcome would be otherwise than it would have been had the affair been settled in the customary way—the only objection was that it would deprive him of the pleasure of cutting another notch in his gun.

The news of this new way of settling a dispute spread like wildfire. There was none who did not know that few could sit in a poker game with Tim and come out first best, and the feeling of pity for His Nibs and of the admiration for his nerve began to spread among the miners, although many believed it was only another "grand-stand" play.

Next evening the sole topic of conversation was the five men in a room at the top of the "Diggings." Two of these men were to play a game of death and one was not expected to come out alive. There were few who doubted which that one would be.

Above, in the dingy room, His Nibs and Tim sat at a table; before each was a stack of poker chips—each of these stacks represented a life.

The sun was sinking below the brown hills, painting the tops of the mountain schooners that crawled across the shifting sands, with streaks of gold and stretching the shadows of the stubby cacti and soap weed until they looked like the shadows of some strange gigantic beings. The noise of the excited crowd below came through the window of the room where the one who had been chosen for

umpire was saying, "I understand that ye've each chosen one o' these men for referees—thet all disputed pints 'll be decided by them er by me ef they car't agree; thet there's ter be no qittin' till one o' you's froze out. 'ceptin' ter eat when its neccessary. Ther man thet's froze out is ter put himself outter the other's way. He can leave ther camp like er coward, or he can do the other thing." As he finished the voice of a man below was heard shouting, "Bet ye three to one on Tim!" The voice had a ghastly sound to those in the room. His Nibs paled and his eye unconsciously glanced toward the phial, containing a deadly drug, that lay at his elbow. Tim smiled confidently and said, "Ef thet fellow loses give him my shootin' irons, I'll only need them a second."

It was past midnight. Below, the crowd that surged about the hotel all evening had dwindled to a mere handful—men who would lose with the loser.

In the room above the ill smelling lamp threw a pale light over the table where Death had stood for hours—leaning now toward one, again toward the other of those two gambling a life away. Luck or skill, whichever it was, had been with Tim from the start and now but pitifully few chips stood between His Nibs and Death or disgrace. But his face, though pale, never lost its calm and the three men sitting back from the sickly glare of the lamp, began first to pity and later to admire the man who sat there so calmly awaiting the fate that seemed inevitable. Not one of those three now doubted the courage of the stranger and soon a deep resentment began to find place in their rough but generous hearts toward the man who sat there openly exultant over his good luck and apparently totally unconscious of the nerve displayed by the stranger.

The cards were dealt again. Tim glanced at his hand, then, deliberately counting the few chips remaining before His Nibs, showed the same number to the center of the table. As His Nibs saw the move his white face grew paler but his hand was steady as he fingered his chips—all that stood between him and the deadly drug at his elbow. He gazed steadily into the exulting eyes opposite him. Everything depended upon what

he might see in that flushed face. He started to make what was perhaps his last play but, before his hand could accomplish the purpose of his brain, the referee whom Tim had chosen, sprang forward and grasped his hand; "Stop!" he almost shrieked, "for God's sake, Tim, aint ye got no feelings? Can't ye see that the stranger's no coward? Aint there nothing but his life thet'll satisfy ye? I was with you at first, Tim, because I thought he'd insulted ye and was scart ter take the consequences, but taint so, Tim, there aint a gamer cock in the camp—not barrin' you. Call it off, boy, ef you don't it'll be murder, fer he's showed ef he loses he'll do what he set ter do and ve need't think cause his own hand does it, ye'll not be held responsible. Fer God's sake, Tim, call it off! 'Twont hurt yer reputation any. He's showed he's game, aint thet enough?"

For the first time during the night His Nibs' face flushed and deep in his heart he thanked the man who had shown that the purest metal is often found in the most barren looking rock. He glanced at the man opposite him. Tim's face was black with anger. "Set down," he cried, his voice trembling with rage, "you weren't brought here ter interfere where yer advice wasn't asked. Did y' think this were to be a game of fine sentiments? —Well taint. Ef I'd a lost I'd a stood by my word, and ef the man thet struck me before my friends don't he's a low lived coward!"

The referee sank back into his chair. It was evident now that the loser must suffer the full consequences of the game of death. His Nibs had not spoken. He looked once more into Tim's flashing eyes and shoved his last chips toward the center. The three men sitting in the shadow held their breaths; they felt sure that the end had come, and instinctively all turned their faces away. When their eyes again sought the table, His Nibs was drawing the chips toward him. His cards lay faced upon the table—one paltry pair, but he had seen that in Tim's eyes which told him that Tim was relying upon the fact that His Nibs must risk his last to call the bluff. But Tim had reckoned without his man. When the three realized that all was not yet over, the other referee grasped Ornsby's hand impulsively, and there was as much

rejoicing in that pressure as though they had both jumped up and shouted as they would have liked to do.

All night the game continued, with only a minute's cessation when the players snatched a mouthful of food. As dawn began to creep across the brown foot-hills, the few who had hung about the "Diggings" all night, were reinforced by the even greater crowd than had gathered the night before, and when they learned that the terrible game was still in progress the excitement became intense. "He's a game one after all," some one remarked, and then, upon a common impulse, a cheer rang out for the one whom they had so lately despised.

As the shout flooded the little room where for hours no sound had broken the silence, save the snap of the cards and the ghastly rattle of the chips, Tim's countenance grew black, for he realized that sentiment was changing in favor of this stranger whom he despised more than the lowest Greaser in the camp, and who, ever since he had risked his last chip and won, seemed to have lured fortune to his side. He had lost much of his confidence, and with it had gone his bravado.

Ornsby had fallen asleep. He was dreaming that His Nibs had won. The cheer penetrated even his dream, and he thought it was true. He leaped up, shouting, "Thank God!" His eyes fell upon the two still playing, and he sank back into his chair with a stifled groan.

Hour after hour they sat. Now one ahead—now the other. To the three sitting passively by, it seemed that the game had been going on forever, and must last through all eternity.

It was night. It was morning. Still they sat, with no sound to break the silence except the terrible click and rustle of chips and cards. Again the sun sank and its last rays, coming through the window, fell upon two stacks of chips—in each stack the identical number with which the two men had begun the game over forty-eight hours before. All this time they had sat there with Death staring them in the face, and every nerve strained to its utmost tension.

Once more the cards were dealt. The referee who dealt them caught one glimpse of Tim's hand as he went back to his post. Tim bet and was raised.



Another raise—and another. The referee held his breath and clutched the arms of his chair. Great heavens! Would "His Nibs" never stop raising?—and Tim with that hand! The room seemed to be spinning about his head. He could scarcely restrain himself from crying out—from warning "His Nibs." It was murder. He must stop it. But he did not, and still the raising went on.

His Nibs' face was white and drawn, but his hand never trembled as time after time he raised Tim, who sat with face now as white as his opponent's. At length His Nibs took one look at his cards, then shoved all the chips he had left to the center. All eyes were glued upon his face, but, except that he closed his eyes a moment as he made the fatal move, there was no sign of emotion there. The three men held their breaths. The great drops of sweat stood upon their foreheads—their legs shook. They who had seen so many face death at the muzzle of the six-shooter, without a tremor, quailed now. They who had themselves stood unblanching in Death's path, because he was expected in his usual form, quaked now at the very thought of him in this new guise. They knew that a life depended upon Tim's next act, and sat there numb with terror, while he, who had seen Tim's hand, tried to speak but could not.

Tim sat like one in a trance—his blood-shot eyes wandered aimlessly from his cards to his few remaining chips, then to the face of the man opposite him, who sat motionless, with an expression upon his face that told nothing. The cold sweat broke out upon Tim's face; his body shook like the aspen upon the darkening mountains. He fingered his chips; started to shove them toward the center, then drew them back with a spasmodic jerk. He gazed once more into his hand. He counted the cards. He counted the chips in the center of the table—then his own. He covered his eyes with his shaking hand and tried to think—"he drew three—ten thousand chances to one he can't beat me—and yet, my God! and yet—"

He sat there clutching his cards to his breast. An hour—two hours. It was midnight. The three watchers had sunk back into their chairs, exhausted. His Nibs sat like a marble statue, with his eyes closed. Ornsby began to imagine

that he was dead. He spoke his name, and his voice sounded harsh and unnatural.

Tim did not even hear him. Over and over again he counted his cards, his chips; his breath came in gasps. The hours went by, and still he sat. As dawn once more stole into the room he started as from a dream. There was a strange glitter in his eye as he scanned the set face opposite him—that ghastly face with its hollow eyes and thin lips drawn so tightly together that the mouth was a straight, narrow line. His lips moved, but his voice was like the voice of one who talks in his sleep. "He drew three. He raised all. Great God! Raised to my last chip—my last chip! That means death. Death! And like a dog." He sprang up, and, grasping his chips to his breast, shrieked, "No, no! you shall not do it!—they are mine—mine! No, no, I dare not, you shall not take them."

He reached over, and, clutching up the phial which lay before His Nibs, dashed it to the floor, then threw himself upon the table and buried his face in his arms, weeping and cursing, but still clutching his chips to his breast, while his cards lay faced upon the table. There were four aces. The terrible strain had done its work, and the weaker mind had succumbed.

The three men who had sat there, dumbfounded by the turn of events, rushed forward. Their one thought was to see the hand upon which His Nibs had risked his life—and won, though in a manner so foreign to what any one could even have imagined. But what composed that hand they were never to know, for, before they could prevent it, His Nibs had thrust his cards into the pack, and, hurling it through the window, sank unconscious at their feet.

As they stooped to raise him, the door burst open and a young girl rushed in. She stood an instant looking, terror-stricken, from one to the other. Then she saw His Nibs lying there, and, with a cry, threw herself upon her knees beside him. "Harry, Harry!" she cried, "I have come. Forgive me, forgive me!"

His eyes opened, and, as she threw her arms about his neck, the crowd that had told her where to find him, and that had followed her into the room, stole out, carrying with them the still sobbing and cursing Tim.

# POLLY'S JOB.

By KATHERINE BATES.

**P**A, there's a man up to the house."

John Harbert stopped hoeing, and as he slowly and painfully straightened his back he looked admiringly at the four-year-old child peeping through the palings of the fence. He always regarded her with this same tender look, for she was his only child, and, as he and his wife often said, she was the "beatinest child for sense and looks on all Upland Prairie."

"What sorter man, honey?" he asked.

Polly pressed her rosy face between the palings. "Come weal close," she said, "and I'll tell you 'bout him, but gotter kiss me first."

John knelt down on his side of the fence and kissed the red lips thrust out to him. When the ceremony was over Polly's large, solemn brown eyes filled with glee, and she clapped her hands joyfully.

"Pa said wasn't goin to kiss Polly t'il she said 'scuse me for spillin' lasses on him, and Polly ain't said 'scuse me!"

"Shoo, I forgot," said her father, laughing. "You are a regular bad girl, you are. Your ma orter give you a good whippin'."

Polly looked serious once more, and for a second slowly scraped the dirt with her little brown foot. She never liked to hear whippings mentioned, although the name was all she knew of them. Then her coquetry came to her aid.

"Who's the vewy sweetest gent'man on this here pwaiwie?" she asked.

A foolishly gratified smile crept over her fathers face.

"I don' know as I can guess," he said. "Who you reckon is?"

She stepped back from the fence and screwed the skirt of her blue-checked apron into a knot as she answered hilariously, "Uncle Jim."

It was such a good joke on him that they both laughed for a few minutes, and then, remembering her errand, he asked again, "But who is the man up to the house?"

"He gave me two sticks of candy, and

he's the bookman," said Polly.

Her father's face clouded. "What's he there for?" he demanded fiercely.

"For Aunt Wosy," said Polly promptly.

John laughed in spite of his vexation. "You trot back and tell your ma I'm comin' in to dinner right off."

"Tain't dinner time yet, and ma's workin' in the kitchen."

"Well, no matter; I'm comin' right in. Skip, and get my basin of water ready for me."

He watched her run away, carefully avoiding the rough places where her bare feet would be hurt. Even his annoyance at his sister's willful encouragement of the "no-'countbook agent" did not deter him from enjoying his wonderful Polly.

"Jes' as graceful as a little colt," he murmured. "No wonder her ma sets so much by her, for she is the smartest young one, to say nothin' of her looks. I'll be bound she'll have the towel and soap out on the block under the maple in the back yard time I get there. She knew right off what that fool man had came for. She's sence, and no mistake about it."

He made his toilet under the tree, with elaborate assistance from Polly, and then went into the house; as he stood irresolutely in the hall he could see through the open door his sister Rose sitting on the front porch. She had on her new pink gingham dress, with a white tie at her throat and a bunch of white roses in her belt. He could not see the book agent, but he knew from the color of Rose's cheeks that he was there. John had intended marching out to the porch at once and talking politics until dinner time, but the sound of Rose's merry laugh made him hesitate for a moment, and then he turned and went into the kitchen to see what Mandv thought of it all.

He found her shelling peas with one hand, while with the other she busily stirred the contents of a kettle on the stove. She looked up quickly at her husband as he came in, but said nothing. He wisely followed her example, took the

pan of peas and retired with Polly to the biscuit-block on the other side of the room. In a few minutes she moved the kettle to the back of the stove, gave a sigh of relief and said:

"Well, so you've come in; felt bound to help me shell the peas, did you?"

"No," said Polly; "he's come to see the man."

Her parents laughed. "Well, Miss Smarty," said her mother, "you can tell your pa that in these parts we entertain comp'ny in the settin' room or on the front porch, not in the kitchen. Now you run out and see the pretty books Aunt Rose and the gent'man are lookin' at."

When the midget had disappeared, John said, rather shamefacedly:

"Now, Mandy, what do you think?"

Mandy snapped her black eyes at him. "I think I've got a pretty good memory, John Harbert."

"Shoo, what are you rec'lectin' now?" he demanded, although he knew just what was coming.

She wiped her hands on a dish towel, sat down by him and began to shell peas vigorously. "I'm rec'lectin' several things," she said calmly. "First was 'bout two years ago, when cousin George was so outdone by Sue's takin' to a worthless feller like Joe Brown; I call to mind hearin' a good deal said 'bout the way he carried on, quar'ln, and makin' such a to do, that he jes' opposed her into marryin' Joe. You thought that was a pretty way to do; he orter known how to manage a girl better. Then, when Mr. Jones didn't say beans 'gainst Mag's Tom, who is a lot more worthless than Joe ever was, you thought that was a pretty way, too. In fact, you'd have managed those girls all right—jes' wait till Polly was grown up, and you'd show how a girl could be led 'long to marryin' the right sorter man. Rec'lect?"

"Yes," said John; "but, Mandy, Rose is a mighty diff'rent sort from those girls, and moreover, no matter if your sisters are real fond of each other, it ain't like bein' her parent, so there! Now, if Polly——"

"You let Polly rest awhile, say 'bout fifteen years. All I want to say now is, don't you be lookin' to me for advice; I never said what I'd do. I know too well there ain't any changin' girls' notions by

talk to be goin' round sayin' how I'd break it off. I can finish the peas myself—you'd better go right out on the porch and break it off."

John looked aghast. "What would I say if I went out there?"

The corners of his wife's mouth "Don't be askin' me," she said. She relented a little as he obediently rose from his seat, but stood looking at her appealingly.

"Oh, you jes' set down and talk 'bout the crops or the Republicans till Rose says she guess she would come help me get dinner, and then you tell him you think Rose is too young for such carryin'-on, and you'll be right much obliged to him not to come so often to see her."

"Brother John won't do any such thing," said an indignant voice behind them. Mr and Mrs. Harbert both started. Rose was leaning on the kitchen window sill, her cheeks aflame, her blue eyes filled with angry tears.

"I'm mighty happy to say Mr. Wilkerson has gone before Brother John had the chance to insult him," the girl continued, her voice trembling, and lips quivering, "and he wouldn't have understood one word of such talk anyway, for he has a mind far above any carryin' on. Carryin'-on, indeed! When the pore feller has been tellin' me all mornin' 'bout his mother's funeral, jes' because I look so like one of his sisters that died a long time ago. Then he felt bad over makin' anybody else bear his burdens—he's so unselfish—and told all those jokes I was laughin' at to keep me from feelin' blue over his troubles. I can't b'lieve it was you sayin' that, Sister Mandy."

John felt overwhelmed with self-reproach. Sister Mandy did not; she thought to herself, "Mother's funeral, fiddlesticks," but aloud she said: "Well, now, Rosy; it's too bad I misjudged the pore young man. Don't you go to feelin' hurt, but get off your good dress and come help me with the pies. It's too bad John and I didn't understand the young feller was jes' interestin' himself in you because you look like that pore dead sister. It shows real good feelin's in him, don't it John?"

That was the beginning of a trying summer for the Harberts. Rose had lived with them for years, and was held almost as dear as a daughter, so her af-

fares were of vital interest to them. Not much was known of the book agent, beyond the fact that he flirted with the girls in every family where he sold "The Gems of American Poetry," and that he had once been seen coming out of a saloon in St. Louis. John, after he had been enlightened by his wife in regard to the funeral of Mr. Wilkerson's mother, told Rose very plainly that the young man fell below Upland Prairie standards.

They were out in the South pasture, gathering gooseberries, when he worked himself up to this brotherly deed. He expected an outbreak such as she had uttered before, but this time she was not taken unawares. She calmly sat down on a stump and began stemming the berries before she answered; she even ate one or two, and said how outrageously sour they were. John was reduced to a very uncomfortable frame of mind before she finally said:

"Brother John, I want to have a little plain talk with you. It don't sound well for me to say you are easy taken in, but yon know you are. Now, 'bout Mr. Wilkerson's flirtin' with the girls—if the Brown girls said it, I know jes' what that was worth. I don't want to be cantankerous, but they have never had any beaux, and if a man says good mornin' to 'em they call it payin' attention. And if the Wilson girls said it, it was jes' spitefulness because I like talkin' to a gent'man and hearin' him talk better than listenin' to a stupid boy like Tom Wilson. Now, 'bout the saloon; Will Roberts is the only person in the neighborhood been to St. Louis lately, and if he said he saw Mr. Wilkerson comin' out of a saloon! Why, Brother John, Will is always so scared in town it ain't likely he could recognize his own mother on the street, much less Mr. Wilkerson. Will was 'long with the crowd I went to the Exposition with last fall, and I know how he acts in town; asked the conductor on the car six times if this was Olive Street, and made us all feel so shame. Mr. Wilkerson says if Will lived in St. Louis fifty years he could never get the St. Charles County look off him."

John looked at her in amazement. She had indeed grown up" this summer, and he felt unable to cope with her arguments.

"I guess we've got enough to suit Mandy," he said, looking down at his basket of berries. "I'll tell her what you say; it sounds real reasonable. But," he added resentfully, as he thought over what she had said "you can tell Mr. Francis Wilkerson St. Charles County is a pretty good place to hail from—the best country in Mizzouri."

Rose saw her mistake. "He says it is," she said eagerly. "He says Boone County, which is always so cracked up, can't compare to this, and that your farm is the best managed one he has seen in all his travelin' 'round."

"That so," said John, smiling broadly. "P'raps I've been a little hard on the young feller, Rosy."

He felt less bitterness over the matter till the book agent called again a few days later. The appearance of the dapper little man, with his large, rolling brown eyes and drooping mustache, invariably aroused John's antagonism.

"His look didn't set well with me," he said to his wife. "Tom Wilson or Bill Roberts, either one of them, would make two of him, and I can't sense Rosy's not seein' it."

"Don't you fret," Mandy answered. "It's beyond you and me (and I'm real glad you can see it is at last), but p'raps it will come out all right in the end. There's many a friendship, as Rose always calls it, that gets knocked in the head. Did you ever notice how good lookin' 'Relia Wasson is this summer?"

Sudden turns in a conversation always puzzled John.

"She ain't unsightly," he admitted, "but what set you to thinkin' of 'Relia jes' now?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Mandy, "only, jes' as you say, she ain't unsightly. That bottom land of Mr. Wasson's is turnin' out splendid crops this year, ain't it? Good-nees, where's Polly now, I wonder? You had better go look for her."

For some time he obeyed her admonition not to fret, then his trouble came to the front again.

"I ain't got a mite of sense," he said despairingly one Sunday afternoon as he, Mandy and Polly were walking around the garden, admiring their own handiwork. "She was jes' 'bout goin' to say no to his askin' to go ridin' this afternoon

when I put in my mouth and said 'twas likely goin' to rain, and she up and said right off she reckoned she'd go.'

"Sh!" said his wife, nodding her head toward Polly, who was listening with a puzzled face.

"Well," said John, "I turn the whole bizness over to Poll. She can have the job, and she's full as likely as me to work it out right."

"Can work weal good," said Polly. "Can sweep the back po'ch and he'p make the bed, and——"

"Don't you be trying to show off," interrupted her mother. "There ain't a four-year-old girl in Mizzouri what can't do all you can do, miss."

John flared up at once. "I don't see as speakin' what ain't true is a good way to bring her up, Mandy," he said, hotly.

"You spoil her so she needs a little takin' down," retorted Mandy. "Not but what I'll give in," she added, as Polly, undisturbed by the efforts to rear her properly, frisked away to the garden gate, "that I was sayin' too much then; she does work first rate, and, of course, there ain't many of her age as do."

Rose came home from her drive in wild good spirits. Mr. Wilkerson stayed to the early tea, and boomed St. Charles County all through the meal. After tea he lingered only long enough to tell Polly the bewitching story of the little red hen, and as he climbed into his buggy John said he guessed he would ride down to the lane gate with him and back—he never got enough exercise on sundays. Rose and Mandy were out on the front steps, and Rose watched them drive away with a delighted face. She caught up Polly, danced up and down the long porch, then dropped, panting, on the step where her sister-in-law sat. Mandy did not wish to show she was disturbed, but her voice was not as calm as usual as she said:

"I didn't see Mr. Wilkerson at church this mornin'."

"No," said Rose. "I didn't either."

"I did," said Polly, "when me and Susie went out in the yard after the pweacher man began to say sumpin'."

"Sure 'nough?" said Rose, laughing merrily. "Fley, that's a good joak: onhim. He always acts like he never was bashful, and I jes' know he was 'shamed to come in late and have everybody turn round

and look at him. What did he say to you, honey-bug?"

"Didn't say nuffin," answered Polly. 'Me and Susie was under the stile way down in the yard playin' house, and he didn't say nuffin.'"

"He didn't see you then," said Rose, "for he is so fond of children. Did you ever notice how much he pets Polly, Sister Mandy? Always tellin' her stories and kissin' her."

Sister Mandy admitted grimly that she had noticed his affection for Polly.

"Yes," said Polly proudly, "Cindwella, little wed hen and this is the house that Jack built; and he kisses me lots." She added meditatively, "Me and Miss Welia."

Both her mother and her aunt turned to her sharply.

"What did you say?" demanded Mandy, her voice trembling with excitement. "Say that right over again."

Polly thrust out a quivering upper lip in a most decided pout. She was unused to sternness, and her feelings were hurt.

"Didn't say much," she murmured. "Jes' me and Miss Welia."

"Ma didn't mean to be cross, my lamb," said her mother, drawing the child down into her lap with unusual gentleness. "Where did you see him kissing Miss 'Relia?"

"By the stile to church," said Polly. "Miss Welia was shame to go in late, too."

There was silence for a few minutes. Mandy held her little daughter in a firm clasp and kept both her own head and the child's turned away from the white face of her young sister-in-law. She felt a very tender pity for the young girl, but was not sure it was best to show it yet. Polly was oppressed by the silence. An injured sense of being considered a bad girl when she was behaving very well kept her quiet, too, till the sight of her father walking rapidly up the lane leading to the house revived her spirits, and she began to chatter again.

"Mr Wilkerson said he could pweach good as the pweacher; he told Miss Welia so, he did."

By this time her father was in the yard, and she ran to him joyously. He took her up in his arms, and, after a great



demonstration of affection between them, she returned to her topic.

"Wilkerson preachin'," said John, laughing. "Well, I must admit he is a pretty good talker." He looked uneasily at his wife as he said it, and her face did not reassure him. He turned back to Polly.

"What was his text, honey?"

Polly sighed; she was experiencing the difficulty often felt by her elders.

"'Twasn't Jesus wept, was it?" she asked doubtfully.

"It ain't likely," said her father. "Try again. Shoo, you know a lot more verses. A great girl like you to get stuck on a text! God is lo—. Go on, now."

"Love!" cried Polly delightedly. "That's what he was pweachin' 'bout, love. He said he could tell Miss Welia—"

"John," said his wife sharply, "you are a pretty hand to take care of chickens. They will be gone to roost 'fore you get them fed if you don't hurry up. Take Polly down to the corn-crib with you."

Polly climbed on her father's back, her fat little arms around his neck, and her

feet thrust into the pockets of his coat.

"Goter carry me all the way to the crib, but mebbe I'll say man's chief end to you if you do," she cried.

When they were alone Mandy laid her hand on Rose's shoulder. The girl turned her face toward her, and as she met the loving look her own eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Sister Mandy, she cried, "you've always been so good to me; don't you ever let Brother John know about all this, or that it was ever anything more than jes' me lookin' like his dead sister."

"I won't, Rosy, I won't," said the older woman affectionately. "Now, you go upstairs and rest for awhile. I'll clear up the dishes."

She stood on the steps for some time after Rose had gone, thinking it over.

"I'm real glad the looks of it came to her so soon," she said to herself. "That's a good sign for Tom or Will. But, mercy, won't it be hard not to tell John that Poly did the job after all! She certainly is the beatin'est for a four-year-old."

## SUNRISE IN THE SIERRAS.

Mists their silvery banners trail  
On the stream,  
All the shadow-darkened earth  
Lies in dream;  
Naught the brooding silence breaks  
Save the breeze,  
Tuned to whisperings, soft and low,  
'Mong the trees.

Thro' the rifted pearly clouds  
Morning breaks;  
With quick pulses all athrill  
Nature wakes.  
Shivering flowers, drenched with dew,  
Lift each head;  
From the sun god's path the clouds  
All have fled.

Brighter gleam the fires of dawn  
In the sky,  
From an oak a signal sounds  
Clear and high;  
Then, as myriad bird notes make  
Clamor sweet,  
Rosy morn comes forth, the glad  
Earth to greet.

—J. Torrey Connor.

# AN INCIDENT OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY LOUISE MARTIN HOPKINS.

THE house that the Richards lived in was a small unpainted frame structure. It nestled in the bosom of a broad plain like a mother bird brooding over her nest. Together with the various outbuildings surrounding it, it seemed trying, and in spite of every adverse circumstance, succeeding, to establish a fragment of civilization on the outskirts of the frontier.

Mr. Richards had gone to town. He had started early in the morning and would not return until near nightfall. Mrs. Richards, released by his absence from the necessity of preparing the usual mid-day meal, had, woman-like, accomplished two days' work in one, appeasing her own appetite and that of her two little girls by the process known as piecing.

This injudicious conduct had, however, brought its own reward in the shape of a violent headache; and she had been compelled to lay aside her sewing, build a fire in the heat of the day and prepare for herself that panacea for all the ills of womankind, a cup of tea.

The scorching rays of the July sun beat mercilessly down on the roof of the low house. The shades were drawn and the room made as dark as possible to shut out the blinding glare; but the door on the north stood open to admit the air.

Two little flaxen-haired girls played quietly in a corner, and a heap of bright red print on the table, from which the mother had been cutting aprons for them, made a patch of color in the dusky room.

The kettle began to hum in a subdued key over the handful of corn cobs which Mrs. Richards had lighted in one end of the stove. She poured the boiling water over the tea in a little earthen pot and, wrapping a cloth about it, set it on the hearth to steep. She then went to the door and looked out.

If the heat was intense inside, outside it was certainly intolerable. The drought was over the land. Every living thing had sought shelter from the cruel heat;

even the flies huddled motionless, under the eaves.

The heated atmosphere radiated in wavering lines from fields of withering corn, prematurely ripening wheat and limitless swells of prairie.

Two diminutive cedar trees, brought from the sandy islands of the Platte, were, in spite of frequent waterings, beginning to show brown on the tips of their branches, as though a fire had passed over them. They stood like pigmy sentinels on either side of the path which led directly from the wagon road to the unfenced dooryard.

This wagon road made an angle from the northwest across the prairie in front of the house, and half a mile beyond the railroad cut its ruthless way through hill, and draw, and cultivated field.

As Mrs. Richards stood wiping her flushed face at the door she saw a man coming along the road toward the house; he walked slowly, as though old or feeble.

She watched him a moment, and then reached out her hand and fastened the screen door on the inside. It might be a stray Coxeyite who had been put off a train at the flag station a mile higher up. She was not afraid, but, being alone on the farm save for the two little girls, she thought it better to be on the safe side.

The man came on; when he reached the path leading up to the door he stopped and looked intently toward the house. He carried something white in his hand; Mrs. Richards could not make out what it was, but it did not look like the pack of the ordinary tramp.

After hesitating a short time the man turned into the path and came slowly up to the door. She could see now that the white object he carried in his hand was a letter.

Who could it be? He seemed quite old and his garments were of the poorest. An old hat, once black, but now reduced by sun and wind and dust to a greenish brown, sloped continuously from crown

to brim over his straggling gray hair and weird face.

His old, stringless shoes were worn red by the sharp blades of the prairie grass, and above their flapping tops and through the rents in his old overalls, his thin, hairy ankles could be plainly seen.

He raised his hand to the edge of his old, battered hat when he saw Mrs. Richards at the door, and asked in a somewhat diffident tone if he might see her husband. She told him that he was not at home.

The man seemed very much disappointed on hearing this. He turned away as if to go, but hesitated, held the letter and looked thoughtfully at it for a moment, and then said in an apologetic tone "My name is Adams; I'm a holdin' down the claim that joins yours on the west. I've seen your husband once or twice. I—" here he hesitated again, and again looked at the letter—"Wilson's folks left this letter at my shanty this morning while I was in the field. They'd been to town and got it out of the postoffice for me. It's from my folks back East. I've been a lookin' for them to come out here this long time, and maybe this letter tells when they'll be here. I can't—my eyes ain't very good any more, and I thought I'd ask your man to read it for me. I wonder if you'd just as soon read it? I'm mighty anxious to hear from them."

Mrs. Richards looked at him suspiciously; he seemed quite old, but, as far as she could see, there was nothing the matter with his eyes. Then, all at once, it flashed over her that the man could not read.

It seemed incredible, but she knew from his manner that it must be true. Well, she could have one kind of respect for a man who was ashamed to confess to an ignorance which was perhaps due to no fault of his own. And then, there was a look in the old man's eyes of eager, child-like entreaty, so pathetic that it quite went to her heart. She had heard her husband speak of the old man who lived alone in the shanty on the next claim, but they were, nevertheless, some distance apart, and she had never seen him.

She unfastened the screen door and invited him to enter, saying as she did so, "I will read your letter for you, certainly." He came in, but he did not take

the chair which she brought forward and offered him. He removed his old hat and gazed wonderingly around the home-like room. It had been months since his homesick eyes had seen the inside of a house where a woman and children dwelt. Mrs. Richards took the letter from his thin, tremulous hands and tore it open.

It bore the postmark of an obscure hamlet in Southern Ohio, and it was addressed in blue indigo ink to Mr. Theodore Adams, Silver Lake, Nebraska.

The two little girls left their play, and, coming shyly forward, stood near their mother, as she began to read.

When she unfolded the sheet a slip of blue paper fell out and fluttered to the floor. One of the little girls picked it up and placed it in the hands of the old man. It was a check for a small sum of money. He took it, but his interest seemed wholly absorbed in the letter which Mrs. Richards now began to read. Once or twice while she was reading, he put out his hand and absently stroked the hair of the child nearest him.

"My dear Theodore," the letter ran, "I have put off writing for some time so that I could tell you how the trial came out. But first, I must tell you that we are all well. I know you are more anxious to hear that than anything else. Well, you won the suit. I will begin at the beginning and tell you, as near as I can, how it was, and why we are not with you now.

"Ross came home yesterday morning. I knew the trial had come off, because Jim Saunders told me Saturday night that it was to be held the first thing Monday morning (he's on the jury again, as usual). Of course I was anxious to get down and hear the result, but I had no one to leave the children with, and I did not like to let them stay alone.

"When Ross came home I sent him straight down to find out what he could. Fields wasn't in his office, but the boy told Ross that you had won the suit, and he gave him an envelope with the money in it to fetch home to me. I was as happy as could be when Ross came home and told me, and I kept counting over in my mind how many days it would be until we should be with you, for I expected there would be at least \$100 in that envelope.

"I opened it, and how much do you think there was? Just \$7.50. I was *that* disappointed, I just had to laugh to keep from crying right out. I couldn't believe it; and this morning I went down to see Fields myself. It did no good; all I could get out of him was a lot of talk about 'costs.' I couldn't understand for the life of me where the money had all gone; and I felt so bad, that I guess I didn't try very hard. I was trying all the time he was talking to find a way out of my disappointment, for of course we can't come now, and I felt all the

time as though I couldn't endure for another instant the thought of all our plans going wrong.

"I hate it most on your account, for I know how lonely you must be; but I don't want you should worry. We can't come now, but Ross has work in the saw mill (it has started again) and I am in hopes of getting some of the men to board, which will give us quite an income.

"I send you the \$7.50. You must need money. God knows how you stand it there alone. We will surely be with you, by Christmas. Your loving wife.

"ELIZA ADAMS."

The old man stood motionless while Mrs. Richards refolded the letter and slipped it again into the envelope. She did not look at him, and so far effaced herself that the old man stood for several moments quite oblivious of his surroundings. His mind was away with his loved ones, mingling his grief with theirs, and she let the mood linger, indulging him as she would like to be indulged in a similar position.

He aroused himself presently, and the sense of his own overwhelming disappointment seemed all at once to come to him. The muscles of his wrinkled throat trembled, and a sound like the strangling of a dry sob came from his lips.

"They ain't a comin'." he said huskily, "they ain't a comin'." He looked at Mrs. Richards imploringly, as though entreating her to contradict the assertion, and for the first time she noticed what beautiful blue eyes he had.

"They are not coming just now," she said, soothingly, "but they will be here soon. Your wife says that by Christmas, anyway, they will be able to come."

She held the letter toward him, but he did not seem to see it, and he paid no attention whatever to her words. He began to talk, partly to himself, she thought, about his own affairs, and as it seemed to relieve him she let him ramble on.

"I reckon I was most too old," he said, "to undertake a job like this. But Lide was that hopeful (somehow I don't feel so old when I'm with Lide), and she always thought we ought to come West before the land was all took up and get hold of a piece for the children. But the years slipped along and seemed like we never had time, or was too poor, until last spring. I had been working for a man for some time, and he had managed to lay by a few hundred dollars, and we

decided to make the venture. I took part of the money and came on to build some sort of shelter and plant the trees, intending to use the balance to move the family out and help to winter us. It's taken a heap more than I thought it would, and I've had to send for money once or twice since I come; but still there would have been enough if the man who owed me had not got ugly and refused to pay. Couldn't get a cent out of him, and Lide there waitin' for money to move with, too—until finally I put the matter into the hands of the law; and the law has kept most of it."

As he finished speaking he looked sadly at the slip of paper which he still held in his hand.

"Will you not sit down and let me get you something to eat," said Mrs. Richards, hospitably. Her own headache had been forgotten in her sympathy for him, but she now remembered the tea and begged him to take some.

He shook his head, saying that he was not hungry.

She then offered to read the letter again, if there were any parts he would like to have repeated; but he said he would not trouble her. He took the letter, however, when she offered it again, and soon after went away. She watched him go down the dusty road, the afternoon sun shining fiercely upon his bent form and weather-beaten old hat.

This was on Wednesday. On Sunday, the day being still and cool, the Richards decided to go to church.

The service was held in a school house, and the minister came once a month from the mission, ten miles away, to preach to the scattered homesteaders. Their way led them directly in front of the old man's house. They had, seen nothing of him since Wednesday.

"I wonder if the old man hasn't given up and gone back East?" said Mr. Richards, as they arrived opposite the shanty. "I believe I'll run in and see. If he's there, I'll tell him to be ready and come along with us as we go home. You hold the team."

He gave the lines to his wife and walked up to the door. There was no sign of life about the place, and no smoke issued from the chimney.

He rapped, but received no answer.

After a moment he pushed the door open and entered. He remained inside a short time, then he came out, closing the door carefully behind him.

His wife looked at him curiously as he came up to the wagon; but he said nothing until he had climbed into the seat and taken the lines again into his own hands. "I guess I'd better get some of the neighbors and come back here," he said laconically, as he turned the horses about in the road and started them toward home.

The blue eyes of the two little girls sitting on a stool in the bottom of the wagon grew big with wonder, beneath the brims of their straw hats, but they asked no questions.

The old man was dead. The rude but kindly frontier folk cared for him as tenderly as they might. They left the letter (the letter that he loved so well, but that he could not read) where they found it—held firmly in the withered hand and

pressed close against the pulseless breast.

They brought the minister from the mission, ten miles away, to read the beautiful burial service, telling of peace and the perfect life, over the lonely grave. So quietly had he lived among them that few knew even so much as his name.

\* \* \* \* \*

In November there disembarked from a west-bound train at a flag station on the prairie, a woman, accompanied by a small regiment of tow-headed children, ranging in age from a stalwart lad of seventeen to a romping baby of three.

They were met at the station by Mr. Richards, who took them to stay with his family for the first few, sad days. It was the old man's widow and her family.

"Yes," said the energetic little woman in response to his inquiries, "we've come to stay; Theodore lies here, and the soil that claims him will not reject what is his."

## AFTER SORROW, NIGHT.

BY FRANK WALLER ALLEN.

I DO not see how a man, no matter how hopeless the present moment, could take his life as long as there was a to-morrow," said the young woman to the young man.

"Yes," he answered, "but you do not know how black, how hard and miserable the struggle has been for me. All my life I have worked and suffered, fought and lost, striven and failed. Oh, I have worked, worked, worked, until I have felt that I had better go away and leave all the past—friends and all—and start anew and never let the world hear of me until I succeeded.

"That would be very cowardly," she interposed.

"Again and again," he continued, "success has held her sweet, luring, red lips so close to mine that I have breathed her very breath. And when I would reach yearningly forward to kiss them, to press them against mine own and forget the

past in the rapturous joy of the present, she has drawn them saucily away with a coquettish little laugh. I have never succeeded. I never will. Why should I live to have failure, failure, failure cast into my upturned pleading face, day after day, year after year?"

"But, there is to-morrow," she whispered, "and to-morrow is God's. And then, still softer, 'to-morrow is Love.'"

"Yes, you are the immaculate message of God's love unto me," he replied, "yet what satisfaction is it to me when I know that I shall never be able to claim you."

"But do I not love you now?" she said, "and can't you claim me to-morrow?"

"Well then, for you I will wait, always wait for to-morrow!"

"You see," she said as he was leaving her at the door, "the heart that bleeds to-day will be healed by love to-morrow. Eternal love that is yours if you wait. After sorrow, night. And night is a calm



and peaceful thing. And remember that although your aspiring soul is crushed by hollow mockery and starless hope that it is he who lives and works and smiles through unbrightened years and hideous sin and tears that is the noblest and truest man."

As he touched her hand good-bye, he said, "But must one forgive God for all this suffering, this hell that is so undeservedly thrust upon us?"

"Hush! Do not say forgive God. We cannot forgive Him, the Omnipotent, when it is impossible for us, not being omnipotent, to judge whether He should be forgiven or not. He cannot do that which would give us cause to forgive."

"Then must we forgive the world?"

Turning her face, her fair true face, to him and gazing with a pitying love—a longing for him to understand—into his eyes she replied: "The sweetest, the most divine right that God has given to you, to me, is to forgive. Good night."

The man stood a moment on the street and gazed into the night, the heavens, half expectant, as if he thought he should see her floating away through the night to God. A returning of an angel messenger who came to earth and laid her heart in the heart of a rose that he might find it, and seeing its great white purity, believe in the immaculate word of God. But he only saw the stars and the quiet, beautiful, mystic night.

"I will live," he said. And he prayed.

So the man went on through life year

after year, but success came not to him. Everything was the same. The same old sore, festering heart, the same unattainable love and blighted ambitions. He would come home at night to his room—poor, cold, bare little room—with the same aching, embittered heart. The same great suffering, tortured, mangled soul.

When she died he went to the great dark river and stood over it, gazing into its black, treacherous water. He took off his hat and coat and placed them on the rocks. Then as he returned to the river he heard, or seemed to hear, a sweet, gentle voice, that he used to know, whisper to him, "You see, the heart that bleeds to-day will be healed by love to-morrow. Eternal love that is yours, if you wait."

When he was back in his little room again, he heard the whisperings of the same sweet voice, "The sweetest, the most divine right God has given to you, to me, is to forgive."

So on through his long bitter life he went. Going out in the morning, determined to live, coming home at night longing for death. Each night, though, the voice came and said, "But there is to-morrow, and to-morrow is God's. And then," still softer, "to-morrow is Love."

One night he came home to his bare little room, and dreamed that she was with him, the mother of his children, the queen of his home. The next morning he did not wake for he was living. Success had come. To-morrow was his, and he had gone to claim her.

## A WOMAN AND TWO MEN.

By I. SHELBY GREENE.

"**W**HY, hello, Grayson! what are you doing here alone, and where have you been all evening? I have been on a still hunt for you for five mortal hours."

"Well, I'm glad you have at last been successful in finding me. Take a seat and tell me what is your pleasure."

"Whatever my pleasure is, you don't

seem to be in the enjoyment of much at the present moment."

"I do not feel very gay to-night, Carleton; but tell me why you have been so anxious to find me."

"Oh, a crowd of us were going to Koster & Bial's, and we wanted you to join us at the 'show,' and also in a little spread at 'Del's' afterward. Come, get your hat

and coat—the boys are at supper now.”  
 “Please excuse me to-night, Tom. I feel oppressed I would only cast a gloom over the whole party; so it is best that I remain away.”

“Well, this is a joke—Bev. Grayson, the free for all, the Monsieur ‘Sans Gêne,’ if that is permissible, the gay thoughtless, reckless, dare devil Grayson, in the blues. Who would ever have believed it?”

“Yes, Tom, I have been thoughtless too long; but I am thinking to-night, and to some purpose. I have wasted golden opportunities, have frittered away precious time, have lived without a purpose, merely drifting with the current; and I have accomplished nothing—less than nothing. From this day, I shall cease to be a drone—I will be up and doing, and I will make a name and place for myself in my profession.”

“Pardon me old friend,” replied the visitor. “I did not imagine that you were really serious, or I would not have laughed and spoken as I did. But tell me—‘what has come over the spirit of your dreams? Surely you are not in love?’”

“What if I am?”

“Only this—avoid women as you would the plague. Some one has said, ‘Whether a man marries or not, he will regret it; but you had far better endure the ills of the present than fly to those which you know not of.’ Don’t, I say—don’t.”

“Ah, you do not know my charmer, or you would not seek so.”

“I am surprised Bev., I thought you had too much sense to have your head turned by a pretty face, or a demure expression. Shake it off, old man,—I know whereof I speak—I have passed through the fire, and the flames reached down to my very soul, scorching, withering, burning, consuming all the finer fibres of my being; and left me what I am, a cynic, a pessimist.”

“You must have suffered keenly indeed, Tom, to make you speak as you do. There is probably some truth in what you say; but you have not seen *her*. She

is as sweet, and innocent, and pure as “the prayer which childhood wafts above.”

“Oh, be original at least, in your encomiums of your Dulcinea. I have no idea who your paragon is; but I have no doubt she is like all the rest. She is a woman,—that is enough. Be warned, I say. I have loved,—yes, loved with an intensity that amounted to pain,—I love them still—I should be happier if I did not—and I revere them; but trust them—NO. I am sorry you told me. It is best to let sleeping dogs lie, and you have roused a tiger to-night. I do try to forget, but I have suffered much, and ‘The old grief grows newer and newer, The old pangs are never at rest.’”

Break with her at once, Bev., whoever she is. Better bear a little pain now than much later on. At most, you will only receive a smile, a look, a kiss, and then—sorrow, regret, pain.”

“Tom, I know all about your *affaire*, and it is unkind of me to speak of my good fortune to you, knowing, as I do, how much excuse you have for your cynicism; but I would like for you to know the woman who has consented to walk through life at my side. Look at this picture, and tell me if you ever saw a fairer, truer face?”

Carleton took the photograph which his friend held out to him, glanced at it, and dropped it as though he had been stung. The two men stood looking at each other, for what seemed to both an eternity, but in reality was only a moment; and then, without a word, Carleton passed out of the room. Grayson stood as one petrified, gazing vacantly at the picture lying at his feet, while the clock ticked the moments away. Finally he picked it up, placed it carefully on the coals, and watched while the blue flames slowly consumed the fair image. The clock ticked on, and still he stood staring with unseeing eyes into the fire.

In the morning they found him cold and stiff in his chair. When the woman was told, she smiled.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Try our best to be broad the best of us incline to be narrow. We Ephraimites, while protesting against the Hebrew Shibboleth, have our own pet tests by which we secretly or openly determine who are of us, and who are of the heathen round about us. We should broaden out—and broaden out. Whenever we find ourselves measuring a man by the cut of his coat; or a woman by the degree of sleeve expansion in which her dress-maker indulges; or a public speaker by his unassisted pronunciation of a proper name; or a father in Israel by the old relation he insists on retaining between plural nouns and singular verbs; or by what seems nowadays to be an excessive use of the table knife; or a society or church by two or three erratic members; or a family by the one black sheep in the flock; or the intelligence and taste of individual members of a community by the census rank of the community, or by the number of degrees of its longitude west from Washington or Greenwich; or employ any other of the myriad Shibboleths by which men and women are wont to differentiate "We-uns" from "You-uns", whenever we incline to use any such artificial tests, let us put the miserable temptation aside as unworthy, and renewedly vow to be less petty in our judgments, more generous in our sympathies, more Godlike in our charity.

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There is a splendid "bad example" "close and handy by." That we may better see ourselves as we see others and as others see us, let us pounce down upon the talented editor of The Bookman and make him the scapegoat of our sins of commission in this regard. He is used to the role and won't mind it. Mr. Harry Thurston Peck in the February Bookman contributes an interesting paper entitled "Little Touches," which shows how narrow a man may be and not know it,—how broad a man may think himself to be, and yet in actual fact be only a little Jack Horner like the rest of us,—the difference being, that he has a cozier

corner and a bigger piece of Christmas pie than many of us have. Mr. Peck would have us acquire "the gift of nice discrimination" which will enable us "to attain a position among the small, select, but very influential number of those who are intellectually enlightened." It seems never to have occurred to this writer that there is a surer, happier heaven on earth than that to which he would have us attain, and that should this small and select kingdom ever really suffer violence at our rough hands, or should it be taken by force, the small and select number who now make up that heaven would thereby be robbed of the chief enjoyment they now get from the relation,—namely: in the exclusiveness of it. Mr. Peck says many good things; he is at his worst in his warning against "provincialism." What does Mr. Peck mean when he declares that certain words are provincial? Webster and the Century Dictionary unite in informing us that certain persons or acts or words are provincial, because they are "characteristic of the inhabitants of a province, or of the country as distinguished from the metropolis or larger cities; "countrified; rustic; hence, not polished; narrow; unenlightened." The city origin of this definition is evident. Men and women who mingle freely with provincials and metropolitans scarcely know whose narrowness to wonder at most. Of that great world which Wordsworth revered and Thoreau found to be well nigh all in all, and Burroughs and a host of other nature students of our time delight in most,—of that great world out of doors, the office immured man in the city, fondly dreams; but, let some everyday representative of that world by chance, or mischance, break into the office man's club, or family, or society life, and words cannot quite express the chagrin with which he views the impending catastrophe. No amount of previous indebtedness or known mental strength or moral worth can atone for the countryman's sins against the metropolitan's tailor and hat-

ter and shoe-maker, and his violation of rules which govern the use and pronunciation of the test words of the coteries in which the city man moves. When this same city man happens in upon his cousins on the farm, they are equally at a loss to know what to do with him. His ignorance of the great outdoor world in which they move is to them prodigious. It never occurs to the confirmed metropolitan that this so-called provincialism is not wholly undesirable; that one may be "countrified", or "rustic", and yet not necessarily "narrow" or "unenlightened", and that a man or woman may measure well with the highest ideals of helpfulness to humanity and nearness to God, and yet be convicted on nearly all the counts in Mr. Peck's indictment.

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Take up some of Mr. Peck's essential "little touches" and see how little they really are—how large and influential a man may be, and yet be without them. We quote:

If he (the unenlightened person) is extremely unenlightened, he will say that he is partial to such and such a thing.

He will promise to correspond, but not to write.

It is extremely crude to employ commercial language in ordinary conversation, as in speaking of a person as well-posted, or of what is left of anything as the balance.

A slight provincial touch is given by the frequent use of "minister" instead of "clergy man," and when one refers to a clergyman as a "preacher" the case is hopeless.

Provincial also are "quit" and "locate" and "location" for when you hear them used, your mind begins to embrace itself for a possible mention of "victuals" and "silk hats" and "vests" and "dress suits" and "lady friends."

This artist of the little touches draws the enlightenment line also on "depot" "gentlemanly" on "stores" when shops are meant, on "riding" when "driving" is the word, on such abbreviations of names as "Geo.," "Jno.," etc.

An amusing illustration of this writer's finical "little touches" is found on another page of this same Bookman. "To receive a letter", says Mr. Peck, "containing such words as 'X'mas, 'tho'; 'photo' and 'rec'd', affects one as would the combination of a pot hat with evening clothes." But on another page of this same number, is given a sample of Miss Elizabeth Robins' manuscript in which appears the abbreviation "X'tian" which shows that the scholarly and talented in-

terpreter of Ibsen is not yet up to grade!

But the absurdity of this writer on little touches ceases and the offense begins when Mr. Peck points out "another provincial usage, 'out of which it is to be hoped that the American people will in the course of time, be educated.'" Until the reader reaches this point one would suppose he were talking to a distinctively metropolitan audience who wished to be metropolitan and nothing more. But here the writer expresses the hope that our American people not already metropolitan—a large majority of whom are not,—may ultimately become "enlightened," or citified. May the time never come when our countrymen shall merge their strong native individuality into the artificial ways of the great city! But what is this particular provincial usage out of which our people should be educated? The use of the word "Mother" in connection with a well known personage—as "Mother McKinley." This provincialism Mr. Peck finds "disgusting to a degree," and he is surprised that no one ever mentioned "the dowager as Madame McKinley." And then he adds

I should hardly have thought it necessary to speak of this detestable bit of social ignorance had not President McKinley himself been guilty of it during his recent progress through the South.

The President in Montgomery alluded to "Mother Hobson." This writer finds this form of speech not only crude and wholly alien to the little touches which give distinction, but its "mental associations also are unpleasant." He says it suggests "Mother Goose" and "Mother Bunch." It does to him; but not to all. It never occurred to this writer that to not a few it might suggest "Mother Mary" and that the provincial President was nearer the heart of the world with his mother-thought, than is the Bookman with his substitute suggestive of Parisian society and of the demi-monde of American cities.

But this is getting serious. We set out with a purpose to use the good Mr. Peck of the Bookman as a bad example of our narrowness as a people, rural and metropolitan—especially metropolitan. Where and how did this discoverer find that "quit" and the rest are "provincial" and not to be tolerated by those who know what's what? Are strong and

well born words, words which the great masters of expression have found helpful, thus to be tabooed without protests? Shakespeare uses "quit" scores of times, and in the very sense so offensive to our Bookman. Mrs. Stowe thought it not in bad taste to use the term "minister" in the title of her most artistic novel; and Goldsmith, in his "Deserted Village," saw the village preacher's humble mansion rise. Addison, another master of style, editorially informed those who had "a mind to correspond" with him that they might direct their letters to the Spectator." Philip Gilbert Hamerton is pretty good authority as to fit language in which to write of art and life. In his "Intellectual Life" he offends our Bookman by an allusion to "a delightful balance" at one's banker's. And Fitzgerald, in his "Recreations of a Literary Man," has this rather trying sentence, "Every one is away shooting or riding; a balance of the ladies is left."

Not to burden these reflections with other instances, permit a concluding suggestion or two. The amiable "bad example" we have used that we might the better see ourselves as others see us, has fallen into several errors from which we provincials would save him. Paraphrasing the lines in "Enid" our charmingly self-centered and New York centered book-man evidently thinks the complacent cackle of the clubs, the murmur of the world. He evidently thinks New York knowledge is to this country all that London is to England. This complacency isn't to be wondered at. Our so-called provincial America banks in New York, buys most of its books in New York, depends on New York chiefly for its periodical literature, and unquestionably apes New York in fashions. But, outside all this seeming subserviency of the interior to the seaboard, the thought and life of our people go on from day to day and from year to year, so little influenced by the dictum of New York city bankers, merchants, politicians, book publishers and magazine-makers, that it is difficult for the sixty odd million souls beyond Harlem bridge to think of the complacent frequenters of the Author's Club rooms and the Union Legion club rooms and Tammany Hall, without recall-

ing the unconscious humor of the three tailors of Tooley street.

But this common error of metropolitans, due to want of proper perspective, is easily forgiven by those outside the metropolis who daily "thank God for a better thing," than New York City life can afford. The really serious error into which our bad example has fallen is in mistaking "the little touches" for the real thing. His last word to us is, "In the intercourse of human beings it is a nice regard for what is delicate, and fine, and exquisite, that marks the difference between the usual Man and Woman, and those who possess the rare and unmistakable insignia of distinction." Surely this cannot be true save in a narrow and restricted sense. If this be true then, our presumably best poetry and noblest fiction and most highly prized philosophy, is all a lie, and in its place we must substitute and be content with verse that shall be notable chiefly for "the lyrist's measured beat" and be measured by "rules precise and delicatessen,"—"dead perfection," no more with fiction as purposeless and dead as most of Aubrey Beardsley's art, with philosophy as cold as a pronouncing dictionary or a book of synonyms.

\* \* \*

The detention of Mr. George W. Cable in Des Moines for several days in February, on his way back and forth through the West, gave the Prairie Club of Iowa's capital city an opportunity to welcome the distinguished author. The banquet was one of rare enjoyment. Even Mr. Cable seemed to enjoy it! He did, however, confess to having felt several twinges of conscience as he sat and listened to his own praises, which praises he was modestly sure he did not deserve.

Mr. Cable's personality defies a close analysis. Small of stature; slender almost fragile in build; with a small, well shaped head, little twinkling eyes, and an almost habitual smile struggling for expression underneath a huge moustache and heavy beard, there is little in his delicate make-up to suggest the man's power. His voice is thin and high-keyed, and yet so well does he articulate, and so penetrating are his tones, that the most distant auditor follows him without ef-



fort. Admirable as was his response to the toast "A Reunited Country", the charm of the story-teller will linger longest in the memory of his hearers. As related with all the charm of dialect of which Mr. Cable is a master, with that highest art which seems to be artlessness, and with an evident enjoyment of the memory from which he was drawing, and with a "purpose" which only flashed upon his hearers at the very last, this yet unutilized *genre* sketch was an admirable illustration of Mr. Cable's apparently inexhaustible power as a *reconteur*.

Returning to Mr. Cable, few indeed of the story writers put so much life-blood into a book that when the reader connects himself with it he feels the beating of the author's pulse. The coming of such a book into one's life is an event. From it one may date some new annexation in the development of the soul's expansion policy,—a policy which, in the soul's realm, at least,—knows no constitutional fetters, no traditional limitations. The books written by Mr. Cable are nearly all of them event-makers. Readers of Cable's short stories and novels are not likely soon to forget the Christopher Columbus enthusiasm with which years ago they set out on a voyage of discovery in the new world this man revealed to them. "Old Creole Days"—happily chosen title for the most delightful, most pathetically sad stories ever written! We still see, as vividly as though our discovery were made but yesterday, those balconied, tile-roofed houses, their quaint interiors, their picturesque occupants. We still recall the arrested heart-beat as we first looked in upon the fate-impelled actors in those miniature dramas, as unconsciously they drew nearer and nearer the inevitable crises in their lives. We cannot forget the dismay with which we watched the Mississippi gnawing deeper and deeper into the crevasse, hungry for the cornfields beyond, nor are we likely soon to forget the godlike pity with which we followed the conscience haunted Achilles helpless in the hands of an avenging fate. And then that other extreme—"Posson Jone"! Never came tragedy and low comedy into closer quarters. One moment we are smiling at the West Florida preacher's anxiety over Jule's lack of Christian raisin'; the next, we are

trembling lest the fascinating young scapegrace shall lead him into a betrayal of his trust and of his religion. We still feel the same old curious interest in Bonaventure's evolution and in the consuming passion of Claude and Marguerite. And dear old Dr. Sevier! Dr. McClure with several hundred years of French refinement grained into his outwardly rough, but inwardly, fine character. And Ristofaio, into whose mild eyes the blue of the Mediterranean had passed, and the susceptible Widow Reily, who insisted on having the Sicilian's whole heart, because she was used to being loved that way! And who can forget the poor Richlings with the sad old story written into their married life—of poverty forcing in the door and love, despite the cynical proverb, refusing to fly out of the window! A word too, for the charmingly simple hearted mother and daughter in "The Grandissimes." We recall them with almost as much tender regard as we retain for the shadowy loves of our childhood and early youth,—though if forced to choose, one would find it hard to decide whether his leanings were toward the child-mother or the sister-daughter!

\* \* \*

Cable's French Quarter in New Orleans—with its parlor knights and its ladies fair, and his Bayou Teche with its fierce loves and hates and its Cadjan maidens who do it all with their eyes, seeing everything through their dark lashes, yet ever looking down,—with the scent of roses and of orange blossoms ever in the air, and yet with the suggestion of tragedy in every scene—has its place in literature as surely fixed as is that of those older idyls which tell the heart history of Arthur's Table Round, or that of the twin epics of that first great "dreamer after dark."

\* \* \*

Years before the eloquent Grady pleaded for a new union of hearts along with the renewed union of States; long years before the North committed her brave sons to the command of Wheeler and of Lee; long years before the sons of Confederate veterans and the sons of Union veterans camped side by side on Chickamauga's field of sad memories, or lay in the trenches together before San-tiago, or fought shoulder to shoulder at

San Juan, or together cheered the raising of the stars and stripes in Havana and in Manila,—away back early in the eighties this writer of stories, by the simple pathos of his narrative, made every mother's son of us and every father's daughter among us, ashamed of the sectional narrowness of our sympathies and our patriotism, were glad that the real heart history of our civil war from the Southern standpoint had at last been written,—even in part. There yet remain many among us, who remember the thousands of brave men on both sides that fell on Shiloh's field. The young Confederate soldier, turned author—which is but another term for heart-historian—pictured in a single paragraph the story of the South's desolation. Read.

\*"By and by they began to depart. How many they were! How many, many! We had too lightly let them go. And when all were gone, and they of Carondelet street and its tributaries, massed in that old gray, brittle shanked regiment, the Confederate Guards, were having their daily dress parade in Coliseum Place, and only they and the Foreign Legion remained; when Sister Jane made lint, and flour was high, and the sounds of commerce were quite hushed, and in the custom-house gun-carriages were amaking, and in the foundries big guns were being cast, and the cotton gunboats and the rams were building, and at the rotting wharves the masts of a few empty shops stood like dead trees in a blasted wilderness, and poor soldiers' wives crowded around the Tree Market, and grass began to spring up in the streets,—they were many still, while far away; but some marched no more, and others marched on bleeding feet, in rags, and it was very, very hard for some of us to hold the voice steady and sing on through the chorus of the little song:—

Brave boys are they!

And yet—and yet—we cannot forget

That many brave boys must fall.

Oh! Shiloh! Shiloh!

From the depths of the young Confederate soldier's heart there came a prayer, and following the prayer, a hope voiced in the pages of "Dr. Sevier" and in this last year of the century generally realized and felt, that from our Shiloh might rise a noble people, purified as by fire, exalted by suffering, united as never before by bands of mutual respect and fraternal regard.

\* \* \*

The time for speculation as to whether or not we shall have colonial possessions has passed, as the treaty of peace has been ratified by the Senate. That the

\*From Dr. Sevier, page 357.

treaty of peace will bring peace, is no doubt the heartfelt desire of every loyal citizen. From vanquished Spain we need fear no further trouble; but the subjugation of the insurgents in the Philippines is not yet accomplished, and there is every prospect for renewed fighting in the far east.

Whether or not the acquisition of the Philippines will redound to the good of the United States, as well as to the Islands, is a matter which can only be determined by future developments. The situation is an embarrassing one to the President as well as to the patriot; and for this very reason, McKinley seems to be halting between two opinions. In spite of the Republican tendency toward imperialism, we believe that McKinley is striving earnestly, to act for the best interests of the country at large. As Senator George Gray tersely stated, at a banquet in Wilmington, the President "is committed to no policy calculated to discourage, much less strike down, the aspirations of liberty-loving people all over the world; nor are we committed absolutely to a colonial policy."

We have paid twenty millions of money for the Islands, and we cannot abandon the inhabitants to anarchy and misrule; but we are in duty bound to first pacify and then educate them to a species of autonomy which will result in the greatest good for all concerned.

\* \* \*

There is a matter which merits the prompt attention of every city and village in the Mississippi Valley, viz., the Chicago Drainage Canal. Dr. Starkloff, in a report read recently before a special commission appointed by the Mayor of St. Louis, states facts which are, to say the least, alarming; and yet the picture he draws, is in no sense exaggerated.

That a city of two million people, which according to Dr. Starkloff, is "the very quintessence of several puridity," should be permitted to rid themselves of tons of their own filth by spreading pestilence and death broadcast through a populous country, is,—well, such an idea could only emanate from men wholly selfish and uncharitable.

The inhabitants of the threatened district should unite to prevent this atrocity;

should make haste quickly; and all other means failing, should invoke congressional interference.

\* \* \*

There has seldom, if ever, been a time when congress was confronted with so many perplexing and vital problems, as at the present. Not least among these momentous matters, is the Mormon question, and incidentally, the admission of Roberts to the House. The Mormons have themselves thrown down the gauntlet, and the conflict cannot be avoided or deferred. Mr. Roberts' is undoubtedly a test case, and was so intended by his constituents from the first. The "Latter Day Saints", as they are pleased to term themselves, secured admission to the Union for Utah, by promising to abandon their polygamous practices; but it is now a certainty that they have never ceased to advocate plural marriages, and to practice the same secretly.

While we do not hesitate to say that this question should be settled, once and forever, and in favor of monogamy, still there are a number of good people who are losing sleep unnecessarily. We think that past events will prove that Congress always rises to the emergency when a great moral question is the point at issue. There are many "good men and true," both in the House and Senate, and we think they can be safely trusted to deal with this problem as it deserves.

\* \* \*

Disease has slain its thousands, but unquestionably the great American evil—worry, has slain its tens of thousands. William George Jordan, in a recent issue of "The Saturday Evening Post," terms "worry the most popular form of suicide," and we firmly believe that he has not oversteated the case.

Aside from the deleterious effect which worry has on both the physical and mental organism, there are two very good and sufficient reasons why a man should not worry. First, if he cannot prevent or avert the calamity dreaded; and second, if he can. In the first instance, it would be the height of folly to worry, and in the latter, an absolute sin.

We have known people who are never happy unless they are absolutely miserable about something; and at times they

even wept because there was nothing to be miserable about.

"No man  
And no woman, of right, should the coming  
day scan  
With foreboding. The present is ours; and the  
rest  
That is God's. He will care for his own as is  
best,  
And our watching is worthless, our dread is in  
vain.  
Are we moulded to suffer? The possible pain  
Will not easier seem for expecting it. There  
are few I believe  
Who drink only the sweetness of life. But to  
grieve  
Over sorrow gone by, is not worse than to  
shrink  
From some possible sorrow before. We must  
drink  
The full cup of to-morrow, whatever the  
draught;  
But, or bitter or sweet, it is not to be quaffed  
Till the morrow presents it. Sufficient indeed  
To the day is the evil thereof, and the need  
Of us all is a present of glad satisfaction,  
Where nought of the past makes unhappy ex-  
action,  
And naught of the future repels or dismays.

\* \* \*

Just as we are going to press comes the news of the death of Fleix Faure. The President of the French Republic died at 10 o'clock, Thursday, February 16th, 1899, after an illness of only four hours. It has been known for some time that his heart was weak, but it was not thought that there was any immediate danger. At six o'clock on the date mentioned, he was in his study, and called M. Le Gaul, who was in the adjoining room, and said: "I do not feel well. Come to me." Physicians were promptly called in, and everything possible was done; but he sank rapidly and died a few hours later as stated above.

Faure, the sixth president of the Republic, was born Jan. 20, 1841, in Paris, and was the son of an obscure cabinet-maker, but amassed a large fortune and entered into political life. As President of France, Faure probably exercised more authority, and effected more radical changes than any of his predecessors in the same office. Sir Henry Main said that "there is no living functionary who occupies a more pitiable position than a French President. The old kings of France reigned and governed. The constitutional king, according to M. Thiers, reigns but does not govern. The President of the United States governs but he

does not reign. It has been reserved for the President of the French Republic neither to reign nor yet to govern." As a result of the sudden death of President Faure, Frenchmen are asking each other what is to happen next? "Will there ever be another President?" The Republic at the present moment is at the mercy of the first men who may choose to seize it. Just now, when intrigues are rife among the Bourbons and the Bonapartes, the opportunities for a successful *coup d'état* are most propitious; and many of the staunchest adherents of the present regime entertain grave fears that the days of the Republic are numbered. Whether there is among the Pretenders a man, audacious enough and unscrupulous enough to take advantage of the opportunity offered remains to be seen; but it is certain that the eyes of the world will be turned to France with especial interest during this crisis.

\* \* \*

Let us also beware of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of literary uncharitableness. Let us respect the judgments of original thinkers and independent readers, even though their reading and thinking have carried them into other camps than ours. Let us respect the reader of the latest popular book who dares to think the work not worthy of its great name. Let us respect the charitable judgment of the reader, who, because he has found some good in an author, refuses to condemn that author's work unqualifiedly.

\* \* \*

The sleepy Spaniards in Manila are astounded at the energy of the Americans. They can not understand why the Americans keep their stores open at noon, when it has been the accepted custom of years to close them at that hour. But it is the great game of base-ball that is the mystery which passes all mysteries. The Filipinos gather wonderingly at the edges of the crowd and peer into the field. They can not fathom the enthusiasm.

\* \* \*

Emerson in "English Traits" speaks of the Englishman's "predilection for private independence," and in a phrase embodies the genius and strength of the English society, namely, that "private life

is the place of honor." This observation finds many illustrations in the temporary retirement of English statesman because of opinions as to public duty running counter to the popular judgment. A fine illustration is given in the remark recently made by Mr Balfour to an influential delegation that called on him to arraign him for his refusal to join in the new "No Popery" cry. Said he: "It is a matter of indifference if I am prevented from expressing, even against my own interests, the views I conscientiously hold." "'Tis pity tis tis true" that the United States can boast of only a limited number of statesmen of this stamp.

\* \* \*

The professional reviewers have in stock a choice lot of phrases which they use until they wear them out, and then they are thrown in the mental waste basket making place for others. A few months ago it was *fin de siècle*; then it was "a far cry." Some hold on to the going phrase longer than others. For instance the Literary World of January 21st tells us that "It is a far cry from Greenland to the Congo." True but not startling.

\* \* \*

The French have adopted our word "smart", but are finding it a hard word to confine within reasonable limitations.

\* \* \*

Our clever young artists with pencil and pen are relying overmuch on their inspirations and on the hypnotic spell they have put upon their admirers. They can't be blamed for passing off audacity for art, their worshippers make the trick as easy as lying. But when we see so much of promise in their bold lines, we can but wonder: Hasn't any one of them an idea of his own above the level of his present day tasks?

#### GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Conan Doyle's forthcoming novel, "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus," is a story of happy married life. It is refreshing to find a work which deals with conjugal bliss in these days of problem novels, and the many tales of marital woes with which the reading world has been depressed of late years.

Mr. Barrie suggests that novelists with dramatic instincts would do well to serve a short apprenticeship to the stage.

\* \* \*

The most quotable and rememberable passage in Richard Watson Gilder's "In Palestine" is this:

"One perfect moment in the life of love  
One deed wherein the soul unselfed  
gleams forth—

These can outmatch all ill, all doubt, all  
fear,

And through the encompassing burden  
of the world

Burn swift the spirit's pathway to its  
God."

\* \* \*

Sir Wemyss Reed gives us the key to William Black's purpose. One day he was walking with the novelist at Brighton, when Black abruptly said: "We are not all engaged in running away with other men's wives. There are some of us who are not the victims of mental disease or moral deformity. I do not even know that anybody of my acquaintance has committed a murder or a forgery. Yet people are angry with me because I do not make my characters odious in this fashion. I prefer to write about sane people and honest people; and I imagine that they are after all in a majority in the world."

We read somewhere lately the following:

Says the poet:—Whatever is, is right.

The anarchist:—Whatever is, is wrong.

The optimist:—Whatever is, is best.

The pessimist:—Whatever is, is worst.

The philosopher:—Whatever is, accept.

Black is evidently a philosopher whether he be right or wrong.

\* \* \*

Is Zola the low, lewd, coarse man whose novels British magistrates hold to be unfit for publication, or as William L. Allen affirms, "the greatest moralist of the age," who is rightfully honored in England more than any other Frenchman?

\* \* \*

Mr. Howells accords to Bret Harte the credit of first writing American stories free from a colonial tone of depreciation, or apology, as to the material.

So great was Eugene Fields' love for children, even ragamuffins on the street, that it is said he even kept his bride waiting at the church on his wedding day, while he settled a dispute over a game of marbles, down on his knees in the mud. Dr. Carradine, the author of "Pastoral Sketches," one of the most pathetically humorous books ever written, has this same absorbing passion for the little folks. Some years since the Doctor lost his little son, and since that time he can with difficulty refrain from speaking to every child he passes.

\* \* \*

Mr. Kipling is going to try us again. We Americans are to our English cousins, like Katisha in "The Mikado" "an acquired taste."

\* \* \*

Bismarck's Autobiography is worth all it costs. It is worth seven dollars and a half to be permitted to see a great event-maker in the attitudes in which he deliberately chooses to pose.

\* \* \*

The greatest phrase coiner of our time is Kipling. Before the appearance of the February McClure's, "the white man's burden" would have been a meaningless phrase. Now it is big with meaning. It is nothing less than the whole argument in favor of developing the Philippine Islanders—the argument of destiny and consequent duty.

"Take up the White Man's burden—

Ye dare not stoop to less."

\* \* \*

Nathan Haskell Dole's Multivarium edition of the Rubaiyat is a valuable addition to the library of the Khayyamianiac.

\* \* \*

There is much of present-day suggestion in Wordsworth's remark on Ireland, as quoted by Julia Ward Howe in her reminiscences: "The misfortune of Ireland is, that it is only a partially conquered country."

\* \* \*

Ruskin discovered a fault in his friend, Rossetti—a fault common to aesthetes, and some others as well—"without intending it you are in little things, habitually selfish—thinking only of what you like to do, or don't like; not of what would be kind."



Gilbert Parker is looking for the coming man in Canadian literature, "who will startle the world, who will express Canada's complete isolation as those who have gone before tried to express it, who will color literature with the whole spirit of the country." Gilbert Parker still young in the thirties and with "Seats of the Mighty" at one end of his brilliant career and "Battle of the Strong" at the other, ought not to spend much time looking for another.

\* \* \*

"Asheville Pictures and Pecilings" is the title of an attractive and novel little booklet published in the famous Southern winter resort by Mr. A. H. McQuilkin, editor of "The Inland Printer." It is prettily illustrated and contains much interesting information, and we hope Mr. McQuilkin's intention to issue such a pamphlet fortnightly will be fulfilled.

\* \* \*

Joe Chandler Harris has created a new character, "Aunt Minervy Ann," who is destined to take a permanent place alongside of "Uncle Remus." The first story about her appears in the February Scribner's, with Frost's inimitable pictures.

\* \* \*

Dr. Maurus Jokai's "Hungarian Nabob," which is considered by some authorities (among them Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz) the best work of that very prolific author, is to be published immediately by the Doubleday & McClure Co. It is a tale of Hungarian life in the early part of the century, and its pictures of the powerful Magyar noblemen, their vast estates, wild customs and despotic power are particularly striking to an American reader. It long ago attained the position of a national classic in Hungary, and this translation by R. Nisbet Bain will be of much interest to admirers of the great Hungarian novelist.

\* \* \*

Mr. Frank Norris has just published through the Doubleday & McClure Co., a long novel called "McTeague." Like the author's first book it is a story of San Francisco, but it is a much more ambitious work than that story of adventure. The principal figure is a herculean dentist, in an "accomodation street," on

whom the veneer of education and civilization is really very thin indeed; and the study of this man,—sluggishly good natured until roused,—with his gradual relapse into the primitive man, gives the book unique force and human interest.

\* \* \*

Miss Caroline A. Mason, whose stories of ministerial life have won wide popularity, is about to publish a new novelette called "The minister of Carthage."

\* \* \*

Andre Castaigne, whose brilliant pictures illustrating the "Life of Alexander the Great" are now appearing in The Century Magazine, has just been created a "Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur" through the personal interest and action of M. Faure, late President of the French Republic.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

The Macmillan Company announces the publication in February, under the editorship of Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the first number of a popular bi-monthly magazine of ornithology to be known as "Bird Lore." The magazine will be the official organ of the Audubon Societies for the protection of birds and a department devoted to their work will be under the charge of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright.

\* \* \*

Mr. Howells in *Literature* relates the story of the disappearing R in America. He finds this letter as a terminal quite gone in London, Boston and the South, and about gone in New York, Jersey City and other seaboard cities: but strong in the West, especially the Northwest.

\* \* \*

Mr. Payne, of *The Dial*, has been reading Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action" and advises the Doctor, not to do it any more.

\* \* \*

*Literature* of London is indulging in an interesting series of "American Literary Type's" some of which are almost true to life.

\* \* \*

*Literature* speaking of the defunct *Cosmopolis*, refers to the mysterious uncertainty which has latterly prevailed as to the date of its publication, and facetiously adds that "there was a piquant

sense of adventure in the act of setting out to buy it, and wondering whether the bookseller would have it." The same might have been said of THE MIDLAND until it was acquired by the Twentieth Century Publishing Company. Hereafter there will be no "mysterious uncertainty" as to the date of this magazine's publication, and whatever of piquancy may attach to it will not be in the search for it.

\* \* \*

The London *Academy* has a department in which unpublished manuscripts are reviewed. Life is short.

\* \* \*

*Blackwood's* will soon have issued its millennial number—and it looks its age. That delightful old mummy-brown cover so fitting for one of its age! Whatever change the new century may work on its table of contents, O, good man (we are addressing the publisher) spare that cover.

\* \* \*

*The Critic* "Lounge" says there can be no doubt that Mr. Samuel E. Gross of Chicago has a case against M. Rostand for plagiarizing his drama "The Merchant Prince of Cornville." The author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" has been heard from on the subject and declares the charge absurd. He never read the play of this corn-fed Chicagoan and never heard it before the suit was brought against Mr. Mansfield.

\* \* \*

*The Critic* has a fine copy of St. Gaudens' medallion of Howells and his daughter Mildred. This is the Howells, his readers have believed in all these years, despite the many brutal-faced portraits published. Here we have a genial, kindly face and a dome large, symmetrical, world-including. And here is a daughter of whom even a Howells may well be proud,—not pretty but—better than that—beautiful by suggestion.

\* \* \*

A writer in *The Dial* has a queer way of accounting for Poe's failure to win fame and position at home during his lifetime. It says "Poe was of the South—the very incarnation of the South; and the South has always ordered its authors to move on for fear they might die on the parish."

Who was it that said all of a certain class of people are not yet dead?

\* \* \*

Major-Gen. Francis V. Greene has written for *The Century Magazine* an account of the military operations at Manila. In the March number he will describe the voyage of the second expedition, which he commanded; the landing and intrenching of the troops on the mainland; and the interesting features of the situation while Admiral Dewey and the military officers were waiting for General Merritt and the monitors. This chapter includes a statement of the plans of Admiral Dewey and General Anderson to meet the crisis which would have been precipitated if Admiral Camara's fleet had reached the Philippines. A second article, to appear in the April Century, describes the means by which the insurgents were removed from the American front, and the events of the assault and surrender, including the stop put to the determined efforts of the insurgents to enter the city. General Greene's part in the operations was conspicuous and varied, and he describes his experiences with the skill of a military expert accustomed to write for the general public.

\* \* \*

Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, the eminent New York banker, has inaugurated a scheme which, coming from such a source, is refreshingly unique. His latest enterprise is the publication of *The Verdict*, and Mr. Belmont announces that his policy will be to fight the trusts and all other things which he considers inimical to the good of the masses. Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, a strong and able writer on public affairs, is the editor. That one of America's representative millionaires and aristocrats should foster such an enterprise is startling indeed. What next?

#### THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Thomas E. Watson, who, it will be remembered, would have been happy with Bryan in 1896, had there not been another and dearer charmer on the presidential ticket with the Boy Orator, has written a "Story of France," and as might be imagined, the story is loaded with purpose. The purpose is to "illus-

trate once more the blighting effects of superstition, ignorance, blind obedience, unjust laws, confiscation under the disguise of unequal taxes, and a systematic plunder year by year, of the weaker classes by the stronger." Even the literary head of the New York Times pronounces the Watson book spirited and eminently readable."

The Times' cold-blooded dismissal of Mr. Watson's pathetic story of slaughter, rises to a height of audacity rarely attained by the critics. We quote—

"No tears will be shed by Mr. Watson's least sophisticated reader for the hundreds of

thousands of unindividualized human beings who perished under the Merovingians, the Capets, the relentless house of Valois, and the Bourbons. They would not have lived much longer anyhow."

How comforting the suggestion! We may now read the tragic chapters of history with all the satisfaction with which we watch the development of a tragedy as presented on the stage,—a satisfaction "commonly attributed" in large part, says Burke, "to the contemplation of our freedom from the evils which we see represented."

The McMillan Company, New York, \$2.50.

### A CHILD.

She tells me often, with a dazzling curl  
Of ruby lips, and tossing back her hair  
Of wavy chestnut, tinted here and there  
With gold, that I am childish. Foolish girl!  
With her alone I pass beyond the whirl  
And dazzle of the footlights, and forswear

The old mask, my dissembling laying bare  
And bid the tendrils of myself unfurl.

It would be manlier, perhaps, to play  
A cold, stern game, and win; but I must lay  
Perforce my weapons at her feet, and be  
As open-hearted as a happy child;  
For I would have her love me unbeguiled,  
Loving not a phantasy, but loving me.

—Cecil Worthington.

### WHEN TIME IS DONE.

In the swirl of the dust,  
In the whirlwind's path—  
We feel the power of God.  
The dust as it follows  
The storm-king's wrath  
Obeys his beckoning rod,  
So alter the scenes of earth are past  
And the storms of life are o'er  
We pass into dust and on spirits wing  
Sweep in calm to a brighter shore.  
So dust to dust is the first and last  
Of all beneath the sun  
And the earliest dust  
And the latest dust  
Will meet when time is done.

—Zoe.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

The MIDLAND wants good, original short stories, and this class of matter is what we have most difficulty in getting, and of which we stand in most need. Manuscripts, if typewritten, will always receive careful consideration, and those accepted will be paid for. Always send sufficient postage for the return of MSS. if not available.

\* \* \*

The February MIDLAND was "a thing of beauty"—the March issue is a marked improvement on the preceding number; and in April, it will be better still. We are earnestly striving to publish a magazine which is second to none, either in point of literary or artistic merit, and we believe we are doing so. Read THE MIDLAND and recommend it to your friends. A word here and there, will result in a world of good, and we will endeavor to merit all the kind things you may say of us. We invite criticisms and suggestions from all our readers, and will give the same our careful consideration at all times. We wish to publish just what you want, so we ask you to let us know what features of THE MIDLAND you like most, what you like least, and what features, if any, you would like which we have not. All communications of this nature should be addressed to Department R. C., care of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Century Building, Saint Louis.

\* \* \*

"A Swamp Adventure," the second of the series of stories by "A Mississippian," appears in this number of THE MIDLAND. The first of the series appeared in the February number and was called, "The Asteroids Visit the Planets." These stories describe the social conditions existing in Mississippi in ante-bellum days, and are from the pen of a prominent au-

thor, who for very excellent reasons, prefers that for the present, at least, his name shall not be given to the public. These sketches were written amid smiles and tears, and will elicit both smiles and tears from the reader. Have your subscriptions begin with the February MIDLAND so as not to miss one of these most excellent stories.

\* \* \*

A Vicksburg National Park is now assured, both houses of Congress having passed a bill appropriating \$65,000 to commemorate the long campaign that resulted in the capture of a large army and the opening of the Mississippi River throughout its entire length. The Vicksburg struggle is admitted to be one of the most daring, original and stubbornly contested in the history of modern warfare. In his work on the civil war the Count de Paris regards it as the greatest triumph of the rebellion in deep strategy and vigorous execution. The park will take in the rugged hills around Vicksburg, where the two armies burrowed until the earthworks nearly met. It will be an extremely interesting military park and the best of all in the preservation of intrenchments.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The history of Grants' Vicksburg campaign by Col. John W. Emerson, the best and most complete account of this campaign ever written, is now running in THE MIDLAND. The first installment began with the February issue.

\* \* \*

In the February MIDLAND, we announced a story for March by Octave Thanet. Owing to a severe illness, Miss French was not able to get her story to us in time for this issue; but, it will appear in the April number without fail.

## CLIPPINGS FROM THE PRESS.

### WHAT THEY THINK OF THE MIDLAND.

The Midland Monthly Magazine now published in St. Louis, Mo., comes out in a new dress this month and also shows a perceptible rise in its literary pulse. The new managers intend to advance the Midland to the highest possible standard for a first-class magazine and will spare no pains or means to make it equal to the eastern periodicals. The west should support its own and we believe with the progressive step the Midland has taken will receive its just dues in the way of patronage from lovers of good literature on this side of the "Father of Waters."—*The Republican (Grundy, Iowa)*.

The Midland Monthly Magazine for February is on our table. Always an attractive Magazine, the current number shows many improvements that will commend it to the reading public. One improvement, we think, is especially worthy of note—and that is the absence of continued articles. Without a single exception everything is complete. The illustrations are superb.—*The Marble Hill Press (Mo.)*.

The Midland Magazine for February reaches us a few days late on account of its removal to St. Louis since the last issue, but enlarged and greatly improved.

The quantity of reading matter is increased while quality is fully maintained.

Among the more solid articles are "A History of Grant's Vicksburg Campaign," by Col. John W. Emerson, "The First Continental Congress of North American Indians," by Horace M. Rebok, and "Queen Louise of Prussia, and Her Posthumous Portrait" by the Countess de Mantaigu.

The fiction department contains more than the usual number of excellent stories and there are several poems of real merit.

In addition to its former field in the great northwest The Midland in its new quarters has at its door, to the south and west, a field hitherto almost unexplored which furnishes an inexhaustible store of

material. The Ozark region is rich in a quaint folk lore which The Midland will not fail to utilize, while the Southwest, to the Gulf and the mountains, is brimfull of inspiring subjects for the novelist and the poet.

The price of the Midland has been reduced to one dollar. It is difficult to make a better investment of a dollar.—*The Spirit of Dakota*.

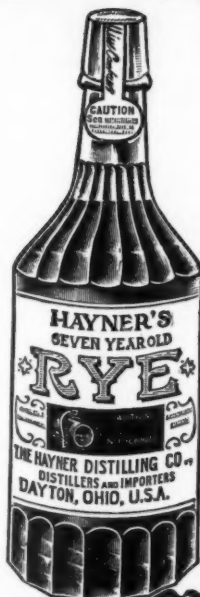
The first number of the Midland Monthly Magazine issued from its new home at St. Louis, is very much improved in appearance. The current chapters of the Grant articles, by Col. Jno. W. Emerson, describing Grant's Vicksburg campaign, are of exceptional interest. A new department has been added, devoted to the stage which is well edited and adds greatly to the interest of the magazine.—*The Reporter (Winterset, Iowa)*.

The Midland Monthly Magazine, which is distinctively a western magazine, and which was lately moved from Des Moines to St. Louis, has been greatly improved in every respect since its change of place of publication. The presswork is more perfect, the halftone engravings coming out clearly showing every line and shade rarely attained in a publication of this kind. The reading matter is fully up to the best both in quality and quantity. It is one of the best among the dollar magazines.—*The David City Herald (Nebraska)*.

We have received the first copy of the Midland Monthly Magazine, published in its new home in the Century building, in St. Louis. It has a very attractive cover and is well filled with interesting reading. The new publishers cut the price from 15 cents per copy to 10 cents or \$1.00 per year. There is no doubt of the bright future in store for the Midland under its new management. Every one should secure the February number of this magazine and see the splendid array of entertaining short stories.—*The Standard (Lewis, Iowa)*.



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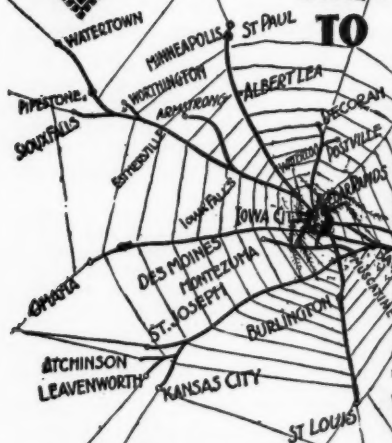


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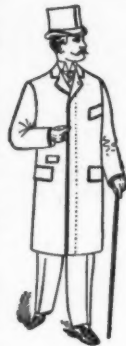
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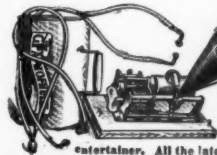


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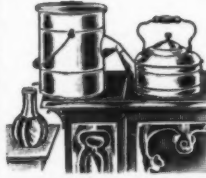
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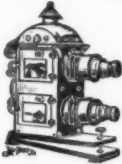
SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad out and send to us, state your height and weight, bust measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist line to bottom of skirt; state color wanted and we will send you this Mackintosh by express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay your express agent our \$2.95, and express SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, no charges.

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